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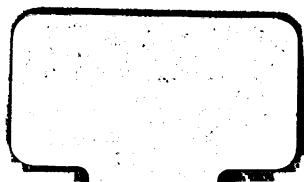
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LETTERS

FROM

France,

WRITTEN

BY J. KING,

IN THE MONTHS OF

AUGUST, SEPTEMBER, OCTOBER, AND

NOVEMBER, 1802,

IN WHICH

SOME OCCURRENCES

ARE RELATED

WHICH WERE NOT GENERALLY KNOWN,

AND

MANY CONJECTURES

May be found that seemed to have anticipated

RECENT EVENTS.

THE SECOND EDITION,

REVISED AND CORRECTED, WITH SEVERAL ADDITIONAL LETTERS.

LONDON:

Printed by William Burton, Fetter Lane,

FOR M. JONES, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1803.

NOT FOR L...
1802
NEW-YORK

Motsette

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following Letters were sent by Mr. King to a friend in London; when he returned to England, he was asked permission to make them public: to this he made no great objection, if he could be allowed first to correct them. Mr. King's affairs at that time engrossed his whole attention, and the first edition was given to the world in a state not altogether so correct as might be desired. Mr. King has since had more leisure; he has corrected the whole work himself, and replaced some Letters which were mislaid by the publisher.

LETTERS, &c.

LETTER I.

Paris, August 1, 1802.

MONSIEUR is again generally resumed; Citoyen is used in the public offices: for as the old regime is not formally re-admitted, the changes of the Revolution are not yet rescinded; so, too, *Unité, indivisibilité de la République, liberté, égalité, fraternité, ou la mort*, appear on the walls of public buildings; “ou la mort” is nearly rubbed out. After so much devastation, the demolition of convents and cathedrals, the murder of so many inhabitants, the extirpation of clergy and

hobility, we expect to see an alteration in every town and village; that every house would exhibit marks of ravage, and every countenance traits of sadness; but it is not so; there is as much gaiety and hilarity as if there had been no revolutionary tribunals, no executions, no permanent guillotine. The republic the French fought for is not obtained; they seem conscious of it; they wish for it, but few seem disposed (however discontented) to make another struggle for it,— I mean few of the sober solvent citizens; for there are always a multitude of men and women surrounding Paris, so wretched, inconsiderate, and desperate, as to attempt any thing; but the others remember the excesses that have been committed, the atrocious abuse and prostitution of liberty, the speculation and slaughter.

Riches seem to have diminished; it appears so, because there is not yet that osten-

tation and luxury of the nobility which formerly insulted the misery of the people; wealth is more equally distributed; there is no vain display of opulence, but general real enjoyment of it: that it is not verging to its former inequality, is more than I choose to assert.

At Flexcourt, in our way here, a Bishop was ushered into the town with guards of honor, to escort him to dinner with a principal inhabitant; the people kneeled as he passed; perhaps those very people who demolished the churches, and guillotined the clergy! Such is the versatility of the French!

Is a revolution to be effected by violence, if it can not be effected any other way? This seems a question of easy answer; but it has occasioned much discussion, and is not satisfactorily ascertained. Which class of the people is to determine the point? For some

are against the change, or there can be no violence to effect it. At what period is the change to be attempted? To what point are the people to suffer before they resist? Great crimes were perpetrated at the French revolution: but balance the crimes against the heroism, magnanimity and virtue of some of the revolutionists, and the scale will strike the beam; it produced the twenty-two, famous for their wisdom, their honesty, and their martyrdom: that twenty-two who were the dignity and virtue of the convention: that twenty-two which comprised Vergniaud, Condorcet, Barbaroux, Gaudet, Brissot, &c. &c. Then perished the eloquence, the disinterestedness, and the credit of the National Assembly. And from the period of this immolation, the Révolution degenerated, and became what we have since with grief and horror seen it!

How little do people understand the term

EQUALITY! They applied it to condition, to circumstances, to fortune, instead of rights and privileges, and to an equal and impartial administration of the laws. To make all men equal, they must all be made industrious, wise, provident, and economical alike; or some must grow poor from indolence, and some rich from labour. The distribution which was so lately made, the confiscations that enriched so many new marauders, and the total change that property has undergone, have not made that equality which infatuated and deluded minds expected.— Many have started into sudden affluence, many are growing rich; but yet the streets are pestered with beggars, as wretched and numerous as ever.

LETTER II.

Paris, August 4, 1802

THE multitude of different people that throng Paris seems to facilitate the machinations of adventure and depredation: motley tribes from all countries parade the Palais Royale, and exhibit a scene that those who have not been in France will not easily conceive; and yet every man lives safe in the city, and travels safe in the country. Either then the police is better regulated than in England, or there are national distinctions, and the French are not so dishonest as we are. Is it that our distresses are greater? Does liberty lead to licence? Is our education conducive to it? What makes this difference? All Paris is a crowd, yet a pick-

pocket is a phenomenon ; burglaries are seldom committed, and we scarcely ever hear of a highwayman.

It is not uncommon to see sect war against sect: religion has been famous for schisms: the patience and forbearance that is preached is not practised: altercation, rancour, and intolerance have characterised priesthood from the primitive fathers down to the latest Jesuits: every point is disputed: and, as each sect has prevailed, it has exterminated, by fire and sword, the adverse sect. But France gave birth to another contest: not sect against sect, but the people against the established church,—against their own religion: they did not seek for differing sectarians, but for the priests of their own faith,—and demolished their cathedrals. These frantic people fought against their own and every religion; and, in a paroxysm of insanity, declared the nation atheists! The

French were once bigots: and the transition from superstition to atheism seems immense; but it is not very distant: bigotry and irreligion are more nearly allied than superficial thinkers imagine. A religion founded on superstition will only last while the ministers who invented the craft are able to continue it. Some of the members of the Convention were learned and philosophic; the minds of the people were enlightened; and the delusion vanished. The French were always in extremes; they banished superstition and religion with it.

LETTER III.

Paris, August 7, 1802.

I VIEWED the Place de Madelaine with horror and astonishment. Great events make impressions on the mind before the judgment has weighed them. The decapitation of the first monarch in Europe, of his sister, and of the daughter of Maria Theresa, must naturally excite horror. The death of Charles the First shocked the nation, though under his cool and affable manners, every one in it believed him a hypocrite and a tyrant. Great and uncommon occurrences first astonish the mind; and when it afterwards dispassionately considers them, it decides whether the sacrifice of the great monarch was requisite to the salvation of the nation. We begin

to reflect whether the death of the King was necessary to the establishment of a Republic? and whether they have instituted the Republic for which they fought, and which all their walls and buildings ostentatiously blazon?

I viewed the Place de Revolution, where the Queen and the unoffending maiden Elizabeth underwent the same fate that Lewis had undergone. Whatever was the real character of the Queen, (for her friends or enemies are too violent to speak truth, either ascribing all the vices of Messalina to her, or insisting that she had no imperfections;) no one ever pretended that the harmless Elizabeth should have been sacrificed: but it was the epoch of political fanaticism, and the French committed enormities in it which will dishonour them to the end of time. The Queen forgot that, though Lewis exercised no higher power than his ancestors, the people were changed, the times were changed,

the Bastille was in ruins, new sentiments, new politics, and a new philosophy had instructed or perverted men's minds, (for the French run to excess in every thing,) and they would no longer bear what they had borne. When she came to the crown she hated the French, and their treatment of her did not lessen her hatred: she plotted to regain her liberty, and to revenge herself on her rebellious subjects. Success (and there is no other criterion,) determines who are rebels or conquerors: the subjects triumphed, and treated their sovereigns as traitors.

The Palace of the Tuilleries,—the long and last residence of the Bourbons,—preserves its beauty. The cannon-shot that made it shake to the foundation, and the blood that inundated the pavements, have left no traces of the rude scene of the tenth of August: the walls have been repaired, and the apartments re-adorned. Perhaps

the fate of that day, and of France, might have been changed, if the King had not fled to the Convention: and had he been buried in the ruins of the Palace, the mansion of his ancestors had been an honorable sepulchre, and his death glorious.

The Palace of the Tuilleries is now the palace of Bonaparte: all France seemed assembled to batter down that building, and to end the monarchy: every part was polluted with blood; the assailed, or assailants, were dead in every apartment—all Paris against the King and his twelve hundred Swiss, to exterminate the family, and establish the Republic. *Unité et fraternité de la République*, was written on every wall; the fond name was displayed in every quarter. A name is often enough for the giddy French.

Instead of the Republic, a new man, who chanced to be at the head of the army, has obtained the diadem; and under a new title

possesses treble power. The favourite Republic is evanescent; and yet the versatile thoughtless French are as merry as if the democracy, for which they murdered half the nation, were established.

LETTER IV.

Paris, August 10, 1802.

IF soldiers, being dispersed all over the city, and so numerous, as to equal the citizens, be indications of a military government, France is the strongest in Europe, and Paris the most subjugated of all cities: yet Paris seems in riotous joy at the intended settlement for life of the Consulate on Bonaparte. These people who condemned the bravest and the most estimable men of the Convention, the renowned twenty-two, lest any one should aspire to the Dictatorship, lest they should uphold the falling house of Bourbon, or assist Orleans, or favor a regal government in any form: these very people are preparing to illuminate all the city; are revelling and

frantic with joy at the permanent Consulate, and at the renovation of the ancient system. But are the people so changed? Or is this a vote of the soldiery, or of mercenary officers? and this brilliant exhibition constrained and hypocritical, while the heart is sad and agonized at the unhappy termination of the Revolution?

This morning two women, the most active and ferocious of those called *Poissardaise*, (for so all the market-women are termed, for the occupation of men is exercised by women in France,) called to present Lady—— with a nose-gay? they said, they were the ringleaders of the populace that went to Versailles to bring the royal family to Paris; and they offered this testimony of their respect to the people of a country, who had always been celebrated for their fondness of liberty. These women bear marks of feature, that seemed to render them sufficiently

adapted for the terrible task of which they boast; but how little did they understand the present condition of England, and how it had degenerated in the last century! And how little do they comprehend the actual state of France, crowded with soldiery in every department, and the Temple hourly filling with prisoners, who are hardy enough to speak their discontent!

Who will explain the contradictory qualities of the French? such weakness! such tergiversation! such folly! such energy! such knowledge! such magnanimity! Can we say, they are not brave? they are not wise? they are not eloquent? They are all these. Can we say, what we used to say, that they are superficial? Read their works; read their speeches in the Convention: as exact as Hume; as profound as Bacon! And yet these people; who in their delirium destroyed all the Royal Family, and every

prop that supported Royalty, maintain a government as unfavorable to democracy as that which they annihilated!

What theatres! what a Palais d'Egalité! I look for the people I once saw, and can trace no countenance I knew before! All guillotined or massacred, and a new generation taken place! No more gentry! the riches of the nobility transferred to the sword, and scarcely any class, but officers, opulent. How shall I judge of a people who rose in a mass one day to obtain an object, and again next day to abolish it?

LETTER V.

Paris, August 15th, 1802.

THIS day the Consul was chosen for life: the illumination was resplendent: the guards were reviewed; music sounded throughout the city; yet I heard some murmurs: and though a fine was imposed on those who did not contribute to the general festivity, I saw many a dark and gloomy window.

I am introduced to an old acquaintance, Mrs. *****, who was once the wife of Mr. *****, of *****, from whom she was divorced; she is now the wife of Prince Moli-tergno Pignatelli. This young man is a Neapolitan, and lost an eye in defence of the King of Naples; but, in one of those

transitions of politics, which has characterised the fluctuating era of the Revolution, was at length banished, for abandoning the royal cause, and for permitting the insurgents to place an untenable crown on his head, while the King absconded from his rebellious subjects. He is now a General under Bonaparte; and was on his departure for England, with his English bride, when some persons pursued him to Calais, and, by order of the First Consul, brought them back to Paris, and lodged them in the Temple.—

We know the accusation on which persons are ordinarily imprisoned by the tribunals; but when the Cabinet of St. Cloud issues out its mandates, we know no more of the crime or imputation, than in the hideous days of the Lewises, when the turrets of the Bastille towered above the city, and overawed the terrified inhabitants! This is a frightful power; venal writers may labour to excuse it; the exigency of the times may seem to sanc-

tion it ; but no argument can justify it ; and where this power can be exercised, we must make no mention of liberty. But then—— there is no arrest by mesne process : that blessing is reserved for England ; where, by perverted laws, as much wrong can be done, as by the most relentless despotism !

The constitution guarded all it could against this practice ; it ordered that two persons should always appear with the prosecutor ; and that he might not harass with a vexatious arrest, they were bound that he should prosecute and substantiate the debt ; but this incumbered the process ; it clogged the wheel ; arrests went on slowly ; and the lawyers did not thrive sufficiently : the two PERSONS were waved ; they were substituted by a fiction ; John Doe and Richard Roe were named in the writ, and the essential custom was dispensed with ! Miserable mummary ! scandalous invasion !—to sport

thus with personal liberty, and deprive mankind of the most valuable enjoyment on earth! How is this practice so current? In what has it been founded? Where is the express law for it? How has it crept into use since Lord Bacon's days, when he solemnly replied to the Queen, on the great question of imprisonment for debt, that "No person could be arrested in England, according to the constitution!"

LETTER VI.

Paris, August 18, 1802.

THE Palais Royale has undergone a partial change; the elegant stone buildings are unimpaired; the trees preserve their symmetry and produce their foliage; the shops are brilliant, as in days of yore; but the company is no more the *noblesse* and aristocracy of France; it is a motley crowd of servants, prostitutes, soldiers, and waiters, so dissimilar and chequered, as is scarcely to be paralleled in any part of the world. The nobility is fled; most of the Revolutionists are dead, banished, or in voluntary exile; those literary men, who were the ornament of France, and spent their hours of relaxation in the economical exercise of walking the Palais Royale,

are extinct. What a folly in tyranny, to build its power on the sword, when nothing but opinion can sustain it! and opinion cannot always be under such fascination, as to uphold an authority which harasses and oppresses those who could annihilate it. The monstrous Proprietor of the place disfigured it to raise money, and employed it in crimes unknown, till his prolific fancy gave them birth. Though he had lived a coward, he seemed to die a hero; or, stunned at his fate, he lost his reason and sensibility: he was dragged on the sledge to the scaffold, without murmur or agitation: but when he passed this celebrated place, once the scene of his pleasures and debaucheries, he was troubled, gave a wild gaze at it, and never turned his eyes till he lost sight of it.

LETTER VII.

Paris, August 21, 1802.

I THIS day visited the Conciergerie; I mean by that, I examined the outside; for no one is permitted to enter. The present governors do not like the dungeons of the Royal Family explored: they would destroy every trace that revives the recollection of their sufferings; they would suppress every sentiment that might awake commiseration: and so jealous are they of those who inspect the prisons, that scarcely any one would accompany me to them, or shew me how to find them. It was here that the wretched Antoinette experienced the last and most agonizing moments of her life. Lewis went from

the Temple to the guillotine ; but Antoinette was to experience further degradation ! The malice of her persecutors refined on her sufferings ; they removed her from the Temple to the Conciergerie, because it had less comforts, less accommodations ! To reduce her to the lowest ebb of distress, she was laid on a bed of straw, a few hours before her execution.

When the great Maria Theresa bore her, all the Austrian dominions rejoiced. When she became Princess of France, the whole kingdom illuminated ! But who can see into futurity ? What little prescience has human wisdom ! Who shall tell what is to be the fate of any human being ? While there is life there may be change. Many have been snatched from the verge of the grave, to give to the axe a life, which, in a few short hours, would have been terminated by age ! Disaster pursues to the end of the scene ;

and there is no deciding on any individual's fate till he is inclosed within his sepulchre! But Antoinette's exceeds all common calamity; her misery in the Temple—the indignities she bore—the relentlessness of her judges, and her barbarous death, will be deplored as long as this disgraceful period of the French history will be remembered!

How inexplicable are these people! When they were in slavery they contained great men; they existed, and the Revolution brought them to light. Where are their great men now? Are they sunk again into a torpid state? Always in extremes! Either licentious and wild, or abject and insensible! And who shall plead the cause of liberty, when we consider its fate, and the martyrdom of its votaries? How transitory is popular admiration! how ephemereal public attachment! Most of the great men, who ventured life and fortune for their principles, have

become victims to their zeal; and those whom accident has spared, have sunk into oblivion! They have witnessed the baseness and ingratitude of their countrymen, who could forget the authors of their liberty, and lose it without regret in ten short years! What have been their contradictory and distracted exclamations? *Abas Monsieur Veto! Abas Petion! Abas Tallien!—Abas le Directoire! Abas les Rois!—Abas les Saintes! Abas les Impies! Abas les Athees! Abas les Sans Culottes!* Whoever has heard of their Revolutionists, the diversity of parties, the factions of their demagogues, and of their idols, will reflect with astonishment the mad changes of their temper! They have erected men and cried them down; created assemblies, and cried them down; formed opinions, and cried them down; and at length, in the last cry of *Abas les Sans Culottes*, cried down themselves!

In France was begun a system of liberty

that rivalled Greece and Rome; in France it has received a stab that has been almost mortal to it; they first planted the tree as an emblem of their freedom; and before it had taken root, committed enormities that withered it! They rose in a mass to abolish aristocracy, confront their enemy, and establish a Republic: if they had preserved it, Europe would have been indebted to them for the glorious example; but their fickleness has ruined the cause of liberty; their laurels have faded; their Republic has fallen; and a military power is erected on the scattered and mouldering fragments of an ill-cemented democracy!

LETTER VIII.

Paris, August 24, 1802.

A BUILDING of pure stone, of such extensiveness, with pallisadoes of iron all round, (I speak again of the Palais Royale) with a palace in the entrance so spacious and magnificent as that of Orleans, seemed more than the fortune of a private individual; and yet that nobleman had others more rich and more splendid; but these were insufficient! Ambition aspired higher; his whole soul was for the diadem; and he waded through every crime to obtain it; he squandered away what he possessed for the precarious object which he sought, and forgot that the example he gave might be retorted; that after a thou-

sand murders, his career might be stopped by one of the knives he sharpened turning on himself.

Last night I was at the Opera, and saw all eyes turned to a particular box; it was on Madame Tallien the audience were gazing. She is considered a fine woman; her hair was cut all round; it was dark, and without powder: she wore neither hat or cap; she was like a Grecian bust. She is very little taller than the common height, rather stout, fine brisk eyes, and an agreeable countenance: she might be termed a desirable woman. From the part she acted in the Revolution, it would seem as if she was a bold intriguing woman; but she is not so: in affairs of gallantry she may practise some art; but in politics she does not interfere often; though the part she acted, has teemed with the most important consequences. Robespierre was in the zenith of his dictatorial authority;

her father was minister of the Spanish court. It is said, that he requested his daughter, with whom Tallien was enamoured, to exercise her influence with him to pull down the tyrant. She promised to gratify Tallien's love, if he effected Robespierre's destruction; if he did not attempt it, he was to see her no more. Tallien had a stronger motive for this attempt; he had discovered, from a memorandum paper of proscription which Robespierre had dropped, (or, like another Brutus, it was thrown in Tallien's way to incite him,) that he was not exempted from the fate that had befallen his colleagues; this decided him; he attacked the Dictator at the Tribune. Robespierre had many enemies; his crimes, or fear of him, had made them so; yet that fear made them silent, till they could see which side would preponderate; the contest was a long while precarious: all the sections arose; neighbour was against neighbour; and the Constituted Authorities

against the Convention. Tallien had gone too far to recede; he darted again to the Tribune, drew a dagger on the tyrant, inspired his party, and Robespierre was dragged to prison: the jailor was afraid to receive him. It is repeating a narrative which has been often told: after Robespierre had lost his life, she married Tallien; and has been divorced from him by the new laws. She has been one of the most expensive ladies in France: her prodigality has wasted two fortunes: she is in quest of a third; but her allurements are in the wane, and her lavishness deters every one from approaching her.

This was a most memorable event; it is the most critical epoch of the Revolution; it destroyed the greatest monster of the age, of an age fertile in monsters; but if he had lived longer, perhaps, however problematical it may seem, the Republic had been

secured; Tallien destroyed Robespierre and destroyed all the people's fears; for no one knew how far, and to whom, and for what, death was to extend: if he had lived, it is probable Bonaparte would have had more to contend with: he has stopped the effusion of human blood; he has been the pacificator of Europe; but has he made the people free? Have they obtained what they bled for during thirteen years?

Mr. Fox was long in France; he was indefatigable in his researches, and intimate with Bonaparte. I wish he would solve our doubts, and end our conjectures; he might tell us at what the First Consul aims, and where his aspiring views are to finish.

LETTER IX.

Paris, August 27, 1802.

IN some respects the Conciergerie resembles our Newgate; for the prison and the tribunal are joined together. Though the prison is gloomy and wretched enough, the tribunal over it is one of the finest buildings in France. There are several compartments in which questions of property, criminal matters, and treason, are respectively tried; and they are more beautiful and commodious than our King's Bench and Common Pleas. Here the wretched Antoinette was tried, whose catastrophe, whatever were her faults, will always be lamented, and reflect an indelible stigma on the inhuman French.

How many perished from unjust decisions, Heaven only knows! In a busy dissipated city, like Paris, where almost every individual is engaged in pursuits of pleasure, public occurrences make but little impression; it is not safe to comment much on them; it was not safe under the monarchy; it was not safe in the days of Robespierre; nor is it safe under a government not explicit enough to be understood, and too young to be vigorous; and even if any were bold enough to animadvert, who would regard the comment? for there is no relying on the French character; their actions are without consistency; their professions are a phraseology of unmeaning jargon. I smile when I consider how we busy and torment ourselves through life, and how transitory are sublunary events; and yet, when they happen, how for a moment they engross every mind. In gloomy, inquisitive, censorious Britain, I have seen a court crowded, counsel clamorous; witnesses

perjured, a jury biassed, Lord Kenyon furious, and a verdict given that surprised the auditors. How miserable and unhappy was the innocent man under such a stroke of misfortune! It seemed as if his calamity was to be eternal; but the injury has ceased to aggrieve him; the report in the newspapers is forgotten; the Judge occupies another place, where he is no longer magistrate, but submitting his conduct to another tribunal, and accounting for his own ministry; many of the bar are with him: and the event which caused such uneasiness, and seemed incredible, is scarcely recollected,

I am intimate with a Mr. Dubourg and a Mr. Balsa; Dubourg is an eminent merchant: he told me he was a democrat to his nail's ends! that he hates nobility, and loves equality; that the soldiery keep the people peaceable; that it was necessary that Bonaparte should assume supreme power; that

it had been usurped by a faction who had abused it; that he exercised his power justly and moderately; that he was the harbinger of peace, and the greatest officer existing; and that if he relaxed the reins of government, the French would renew the horrors of the Revolution. Balsa is a proprietor of rich mines, was one of the leaders of the Brabantines, and took some part in the junction between Belgium and France; he says, he is a democrat, and dislikes every government but democracy; he adores the names of Vergniaux, Guadet, Condorcet, and the famous twenty-two; he thinks that France would have been the greatest nation on earth, if Bonaparte had not placed himself at the helm; that liberty had at first flourished luxuriantly, but had at length faded and turned to the worst corruption!—Thus men of different notions and principles still give themselves the same denomination; and thus while France combines the con-

sulate and military authority in the same person, the favourite words *Unité*, *indivisibilité*, *égalité*, and *fraternité*, daub every building! Words of magical signification to delight and delude a nation fond of sound more than sense! And so we prate in England of Constitution, when its features are worn away, and we are left with nothing but the skeleton!

The weather has been intensely hot; the papers say the heat is excessive all over Europe; but here it is thought to be more fierce than ever: the narrowness of the streets and the concourse of inhabitants may contribute to it; for there must be many fires for cookery where there is such a numerous populace. This city is intolerable in such weather, on account of the filth, which casts an effluvia more offensive than can be imagined by any person who has not visited Paris at this season of the year.

This evil, I fear, can never be cured, though many attempts have been made; for the Seine is too shallow to admit the waters that have been proposed to run through the streets, and disembogue in the river. Another circumstance not much known, and which the police take every means to conceal, is, that most of Paris is on a quarry; it seems like another town under Paris: for many leagues the city is undermined; and the police are constantly propping it up: some accidents have happened; and, at some unlucky moment, it is probable half the city will sink into the caverns that are under it. It is wonderful it has stood so long; for the subterranean hollow is of many miles extent: this is another reason why those drains to the city could never be formed, and why Paris must always be a filthy pestiferous town, which would be dangerous and intolerable if the air were not the most salubrious in Europe.

Yesterday I dined with a nobleman who had never emigrated; the company was very numerous, but chequered and dissimilar: some had lost their estates because they had emigrated, or because their politics had given umbrage to the prevailing factions: on their left or right sat the present possessors, who had acquired the property by purchase or by favor, or by services to the state.—— Could these guests be cordial? Those of the old *regime* and those of the new, democrats and aristocrats, mixed together, might seem convivial and happy, but they could not be sincerely attached. What friendship or reconciliation could there be between men impoverished and men enriched by the Revolution? It is irksome to speak in such a mixed company; no political sentiment can be uttered that delights one visitor, which does not depress another. Many years must elapse, and the government must be very steady and uniform, before a thorough re-

conciliation can take place; every wound is yet fresh; the terrors of the guillotine are not yet worn out; relations still deplore their murdered kindred, and indigent gentlemen sigh after their confiscated estates.

LETTER X.

Paris, August 29, 1802.

DAVID's picture of the Sabines is a grand and masterly performance; it vies with the choicest works of antiquity: the Sabine war is a subject in every scholar's recollection. David's pencil has depicted whatever tradition has transmitted to posterity, and his bold and ardent imagination has added whatever could be fancied to ornament, and make the contest interesting. The admiration of his genius has obliterated the remembrance of his crimes: it is a compromise for impunity, which others have not gained, because

they had no merit to barter : he was deemed one of the foremost and most zealous in the outrages committed by the Terrorists, and now sits quiet and reconciled under a system which torrents of blood were shed to prevent. Again and again did the Convention swear never to endure any form of government but a pure Republic ; David was loud, fierce, and conspicuous in the asseveration. He carries in his looks the workings of his heart,—turbulence, uneasiness, and disaffection : he seems a man who does not oppose this or the other government from principle, but a man who wishes the overthrow of any government, where he could not be at the head.

How gloriously died the twenty-two !—They were fond of their country ; they sought a proper government for it ; they were disinterested, and acted from the purest motives ;

and they preferred death to rescinding their principles; we shall always commiserate their fate, and venerate their names; but how base and venal are those, how detestable, who murmur at any government which does not employ them, and flatter and promote any government, if they can but derive emolument from it !

The insolence of hackney-coachmen, and the wantonness of gentlemen's coachmen, were always subjects of great grievance and complaint. Before the Revolution it was a notion of aristocracy that none but plebeians walked; that if a man was not in a carriage, he must be low and insignificant, and that there was no harm in driving over him if he did not get out of the way: no coachman ever stopped his horses, or pulled them aside, but deliberately drove over the passenger, never looking back to see what

mischief he had done; and no one dared to stop the carriage, lest it might belong to a Prince of the Blood, or to some person in office, or in power, and the officious interposer got committed to the Bastile for his humanity. It is inconceivable what accidents happened, and to what a barbarous and wanton pitch this was carried! Constant complaints were made; but in the days of Royalty it was howling to the wind; if a common man held up his stick before the horses, to keep them back till he could get out of the way, he would be beat almost to death with the whips of the out-riders. The instant the revolution was effected, this evil (which cried aloud for correction,) was at an end; and so resentful was the populace, that they would have demolished all the carriages: they remembered the brutality of the coachmen, and the in-

solence of the domestics; they retorted on their tyrants; for instead of getting aside from the carriages, they forced the carriages to draw aside from them; they would not even let them go hastily along. But now that the Revolution has lost ground, carriages return to the old custom; coachmen are as audacious as before, and accidents are as frequent as ever. To strike the coachman or horses, would be deemed jacobinism, and returning to anarchy.

The *regime* is reverting to what it was, under another shape; and, consistent with it, the old customs must prevail; the officers and the present constituted authorities have splendid equipages; they run rapidly through the streets; in Paris, there are no foot paths. To bear being knocked down patiently, is a proof of good citizenship: in the Revolution the people rose to their right level; they were then of importance,

and aristocratic violence was checked; a new aristocracy has arisen, has reared its obnoxious crest, and is as intolerable as any under the Bourbons.

LETTER XI.

Paris, September 2, 1802.

WE have just had a grand parade; Bonaparte, as usual, reviewed his troops; and if there is any merit in being commander of the most chosen, athletic, and active men on earth, he has that merit. The tactics are in the highest state of improvement; perhaps Bonaparte did not bring them to the present degree of perfection, but Massena or Moreau did it, or some other of the great men, whom the jealousy of the First Consul has driven to seclusion; but, whoever it was, Bonaparte preserves it, and seems proud of it; the discipline is strict and graceful; every art has been devised to make the sol-

diers look formidable and terrific: their dress bears no resemblance to that democratic simplicity, which characterized the days of Danton, Marat, Garat, &c.; for they are rich and splendid beyond the troops of the most fastidious monarch. The politic General has placed the wounded soldiers of Marengo and Egypt foremost, as the post of honour; and, to excite emulation, and attach the men to his person, he pays particular court to these veteran invalids. He exhibits the twofold character of generalissimo and monarch. After the review is over, he retires to the palace; to that palace which was assailed by the French because it was the seat of kings; because they would have no more monarchy; because they would exterminate every trace of royalty. In that palace, and in the State Room of the Bourbons, Bonaparte, with a magnificence that

surpasses kingly grandeur, receives foreign ministers; and there may be seen ambassadors from mighty courts, envoys, plenipotentiaries, and all classes of emissaries, bowing, fawning, and paying homage without a blush. What a subject for reflection! To take a retrospection of all the events of the revolution—the utter extirpation of the royal family,—the countless murders,—the magnanimous death of the twenty-two,—the glorious and mighty struggle for freedom, and what has been the termination of this dreadful havock? The wheel has made its circuit, and come back to the point from whence it first turned.

Yet who would exist as Bonaparte does? It is never known whether he is at Paris or St. Cloud; and at either place he is inaccessible. Messengers are examined, interrogated, and dismissed; letters go through

various hands, and are analyzed before they are delivered: even at the review, a cloud of officers surround him; he is hemmed in on all sides by select adherents: he is never seen alone: seldom goes abroad for recreation: immured within his palace walls, he is as much a prisoner as the state victims in the Temple, with more anxiety and fears; the end of their punishment is imprisonment; but with the Consul, the apprehension of mischief does not cease with sequestration.

Popular favor is short-lived; the people are fickle and ungrateful; the Revolutionists, who have survived the fury of faction, are melancholy instances of the people's inconstancy; for after all their labours and perils, they are abandoned, and sunk into obscurity. Patriots must content themselves with the applause of their own consciences;

if they build their hopes and happiness on the public gratitude, they are building expectancy on a foundation of sand. However forsaken and low, some of them have tempers as unsubdued and stern as ever; and if Bonaparte knew their sentiments, he would continue his seclusion and precaution. The people's unsteadiness is a great discouragement to patriotism; the men who brought Robespierre to the scaffold emancipated the French, and bled in their defence, have survived their fame; though their courage paved the way to the present government: it dreads them, lest that spirit that struck at an usurpation should render them restless under any government; and the ungrateful people who rent the air in their praises when they spoke, have suffered them to fall into oblivion! But forgotten or contemned, they are glorious and venerable; and impartial posterity will revive the

memory of their deeds, and immortalize their names. Abbé Sieyes, that determined innovator, the secret instigator of the first tumult, a director of the tenth of August, and the counsellor of Amar, Barrere, Danton, and Robespierre; that Sieyes who sat silent in the Convention, and made motions in the Jacobin Club; who never was satisfied with the fervor and exertions of the people, but always pushed them to the extreme; that Sieyes has become reconciled to the present government, and condescends to enjoy an ordinary office, and moderate emoluments! After all his affected republicanism, he favoured the views of Bonaparte, because his vanity, or, perhaps, some insinuation from the First Consul, made him expect an elevated situation: but the wary Bonaparte places no confidence in hypocrites: the duplicity that made Sieyes useful to him, deterred him from further intercourse, when he could do without it; and

the priest is consigned to that insignificant condition, where he can no longer exercise his talent of dissimulation and intrigue.

Bonaparte professes to love the soldiery : it is not extraordinary if his love should be sincere, for he owes his aggrandizement to them ; but in a man of his temper, the soul is susceptible of only one passion ; it is engrossed by ambition ; and ambition is of no kindred with gratitude ; it fears the means by which it attains its end. His officers are the only rich men in France ; the metropolis is surrounded with regiments, though Broglia's were banished many leagues from Paris : there are soldiers all over the city ; and in those parts where the patriots were most active, they swarm. No one can conjecture what will be the constitution ; for now it is varied every hour : nor can any one ascertain what is the final aim of the First Consul. At the head of his victorious troops,

when he came suddenly to Paris, where there was nothing to oppose him, no one dared to ask what he intended; his speeches were flattering and general: no specific declaration; no explicit promise; all was vague, dark, and mysterious; he found a constitution and an established government; but he was erected into First Consul, and it was transformed. Whatever may be the shadow of the boasted French Constitution, the substance is annihilated, while there exists an authority that is paramount to the laws, and every instance in its exercise, testifying that the will of the Consul is the supreme authority.

The levity of the French exceeds that of all other people: though the government is so unsettled—the life of the First Consul at least as precarious as any other man's—the people so discontented—the Revolutionists so exasperated:—and every thing bearing the

marks of a volcanic explosion, full of inflammable ingredients and combustion, that may in an instant break out into conflagration, and again depopulate half the country; yet under all these apprehensions, there are upwards of fifteen theatres, and every one overflowing; there are a variety of inferior spectacles, and jocund rendezvous; the gardens of Tivoli, Chantilly, Frescati, and many others, always illuminated, and always crowded; and to these the visitors come streaming with blood from the massacres of the Chatelet, or La Force, or from the execution of Robespierre; for it matters not who is slaughtered; the pastimes continue, and every one seems as happy and gay, as if disease and death, and political evil were unknown in the city: no occurrence interrupts the amusement of the French; no disaster ruffles their gaiety beyond an instant. I am speaking of the national character of the people, and am not to be refuted by

any solitary example of seriousness and stability.

I do not know how to comprehend their complex disposition. What is their mode of education? What their frame of constitution? Or does the climate occasion this versatility? If it does, Englishmen should be a little affected by it; but I found no propensity to join in frivolous mirth, and dance and sing, when the screams and groans of dying martyrs were vibrating on my ears. Though I was not within the vortex of the political butchery, I could not hear of the frequent executions without shuddering, and a dash of the spirits that indisposed me for diversion. Nothing marks the inconsistency of the French temper more than this fact: on a day when several victims were immolating to the fury of Robespierre, a great concourse of people had assembled;

on that very spot, at the foot of that very scaffold where they suffered, a mountebank had reared his motley chair, and was exhibiting his monkey antics; and while some were gazing at the strokes of the guillotine, others were laughing at the buffoon tricks of this unfeeling fool!

I do not pretend to more exquisite sensibility than other people; but I confess myself pleased when I see happiness around me; and I am dejected when I hear of juridical murders. The death of the twenty-two still excites regret; the frightful days of Robespierre still shock me; the Place de Grave, de Carousel, de Madelaine, and all the other odious squares and places, where hecatombs of guilty or of innocent victims have resigned their breath, occasion sensations that take away all relish for pleasure; the Seine still seems polluted with the bodies

thrown into it; the waters are scarcely cleansed from the blood that dyed them. Whatever good results from Revolution, every feeling mind must be pained at the devastation of cities, and havock of the human species!

LETTER XII.

Paris, September 5, 1802.

ON the Church of St. Denis, there still remain, as a stigma on the French, these words: "The French people acknowledge the Supreme Deity, and the immortality of the soul." Whatever becomes of Robespierre's soul, his name will be immortal; while the earth continues peopled, and history records events, his memory will be transmitted from age to age, as the most detestable monster that ever afflicted the world. This blasphemy was suggested by the man, who, by an infatuation which sometimes maddens nations, was without talents

to the head of twenty-four millions of people, and decimated the whole nation!— Was there any singular merit in acknowledging the Deity? Did the frantic nation ever deny him, and then recant? We remember the antecedent wild opinions and profanation that distracted them; they at last proclaimed, that, whatever delirium had seized them, they were returned to their senses!

There seems no medium with this people; they never stop where prudence dictates; either arrogant aristocrats and abject royalists, or furious democrats and anarchists. The men who destroyed the Bastille, and emulated Cicero and Demosthenes in the assembly, and were worshipped by the people, are mostly guillotined or exiled; and Jacobinism, which was the pride of the

French, has become an epithet of reproach and peril.

This day I was introduced to General Santerre: this gentleman is singular for having led the attack on the Bastile: he led the citizens against the Tuilleries on the tremendous tenth of August: and he was commander of the national guard, when the ill-fated king was doomed to death, and led him to the scaffold. He lives a retired life, is reserved with strangers, and difficult of access; infested with spies, as Paris is, and active and determined as he has been, he is discreet in demeaning himself with extreme caution. I carried him a letter which informed him that I wanted to inspect a brewing machine of his invention, (for he is a great brewer, and understands something of mechanics,) and that I was a friend to the French Revolution. He produced the

model of the machine, and was explaining its uses; I desired him not to take the trouble of describing it, as my visit to him was from another motive. He eyed me very attentively, again read the letter, and then discoursed very freely. He shewed me the master key of that tower of tyranny, within the walls of which so many crimes had been perpetrated; and several species of fetters, one pair of which had been found on the wrists of a man recently dead, who was either doomed by those who immured him in his cell to die thus miserably, or he was forgotten, and starved to death. There was no register of this man's name, or his imputed offence. Human beings were but of little note in the estimation of the French Princes, though all are of the same nature, and of equal origin: people seem to have created artificial distinctions, and to have

vested their governors with power for no other purpose than to reduce them to abjectness and slavery !

There is no knowing what dreadful tragedies were acted in these profound subterranean caves, where none entered but the victim and the executioner. If the fury of the populace had spared the Governor, the world might have been furnished with a blacker catalogue of crimes than has yet been revealed: but their resentment was what such a scene, and the perfidy they met with, might naturally excite; the governor perished, and with him books, records, memorandums, and whatever could be found in a prison that for so many centuries had repressed liberty.

If the Chatelet, La Force, the Temple, and every other edifice erected by despotism, had been demolished at the same time,

perhaps the assassinations of the second of September had never happened; but the places that had served the tyranny of kings, were converted to similar purposes by the demagogues; and, by a retribution which never fails, but is always to be deplored, haughty aristocrats, refractory priests, and suspected citizens, were all indiscriminately hewn to pieces. The French, who know no medium, and are as licentious in success as they are abject under oppression, were not satisfied with retaliation; they exercised their vengeance without moderation or distinction; whoever was rich or noble was deemed inimical to them, and adversaries and friends were equally mowed down.

Before I dismiss this subject of the Bastille, I will recite an occurrence that is well authenticated. It serves to elucidate the abuse of *lettres de cachets*. A man at an inn

at Lyons, or near it, overheard Damien the assassin, confer on the design of killing Lewis the Fifteenth: as soon as the listener had collected all the intelligence he required, he hastened to Paris, got admission to the Minister, and told him what he had discovered: the minister thought it an idle story, and paid no attention to it; but when Damien made his attempt on the king, the minister trembled for his negligence, and the consequences that might result to him from it: he deemed prevention more discreet than remedy, and obtained a *lettre de cachet* against the unhappy man who had informed him of Damien's design, that he might have no one to communicate with and tell of the Minister's inattention. I believe this unfortunate being was immured for life: certainly he never saw the outside of the Bastile while the minister lived.

I resume the other part of my letter.—
General Santerre shewed me a note he was writing to Mr. Charles Fox, who is at the Hotel de Richelieu, near the Boulevards; he has been presented to Bonaparte, and, it is said, dined two or three times with him. I think the note ran thus :

“ General Santerre's respects to Mr. Fox, as he has always had a veneration for his character, which is known and admired by every republican, he requests the honor of his company, and to name some morning for breakfasting with him: perhaps he may be as desirous of seeing Santerre, as he is to know Mr. Fox.”

I believe this was an useless letter: Mr. Fox's visits to the Tuilleries seemed a preclusion of republican acquaintances. What-

ever has been his former opinions, so often proclaimed in the House of Commons, his intimacy with the first Consul appeared a direliction of them. Through all the storms of the Revolution, under the influence of the conceited La Fayette, or the mad Marat, or the ferocious Robespierre, still Fox's principles and opinions were the same; the fluctuation of their laws did not change him; the frequent alteration of their Constitution did not perplex him; their conquests and ambition did not alarm him, nor their cruelties shock him; still he defended the Revolution, and congratulated France on its emancipation. But what have these deluded people attained? Who can define their present government? Where is the liberty they fought for? Nothing escapes Mr. Fox's penetration; surely he sees what a transformation the subtle policy of Bonaparte has effected; and yet he is as cordial in his courtly gratulations, as if the glorious fa-

bric he praised, were erected, and indissoluble.

General Santerre has been blamed for commanding the drums to beat when the King was harranging the people on the scaffold. The King had, in the tumult of Versailles, in the carnage of the Tuilleries, and in his long confinement and sufferings in the Temple, shewn a calmness that savored of apathy; now for the first moment of his life, he felt emotion, and was ruffled. He has been censured, too, for mentioning his death with exultation. I wished to question him on these two points: I touched on them and paused; he saw my drift, and, without hesitation, entered on the subject. He said it was expected there would be a cry of mercy; and he had received peremptory orders to fire on those who called for mercy: he saw several well-known aristocrats surrounding the scaffold, and preparing to cry

out: an immense body of Marseillois watched them, and intended to answer it with a contrary exclamation. If this contest had ensued, thousands would have perished in it: he perceived what was passing, and, from the most humane motives, (and not to drown the king's voice, and distress him in his last few moments,) he ordered the drums to beat. And though the duty of seeing the King's sentence executed devolved on him, it was impossible he could rejoice at an event, that, however necessary, was distressing and lamentable; he deplored it as much as any man in France, and tried all he could to prevent it, by repeated visits to the Temple to instruct the King by what measures he might still save himself; he said several expedients were proposed to the King; but his rejection of them evinced that he had no confidence in the nation, and would retort upon it if ever he possessed power. Once he thought the King would

accede to his overtures ; but he required some
 hours to ponder on them : he saw the Queen
 in the interim, and declined further treaty.
 In the last extremity he made another effort:
 he went once more to the King, and told
 him his life was in danger, if he temporized
 any more ; but, if he would listen to his
 overtures he would be saved and liberated ;
 he would forfeit his existence if he failed.
 Again the Queen interposed, and Santerre
 was set at defiance. Soon after his doom
 was fixed, and negociation was unavailable.
 He complained that the King had no cha-
 racter ; that he spoke like a parrot, and his
 actions seldom accorded with his words ;
 his diction was pure ; he was sententious ;
 he delivered virtuous sentiments, and spoke
 with dignity ; yet in action he was incon-
 sistent and frivolous ; his language was from
 books or instruction ; no originality in it ;
 he repeated what was suggested to him ; but
 his deeds could not be controled ; they were

sudden and untutored; they betrayed his speeches, and shewed that he was no better than an automaton. Wild visionary hopes had deluded the imperious Queen to her destruction; she still trusted to the idle professions of gallantry that the Quixotic courtiers had formerly made her: she forgot that the pusillanimous nobility had abandoned their monarch and their country; she was vain and presumptuous; she fancied her relations would risk their own lives to save hers; and that all Europe would wage war till she had remounted the throne.

A little before the King's trial, the Queen, who did not want discernment, said, "Santerre, I believe you are an honest man; I wish I had taken your advice; I am a victim to my obstinacy: but do not presume on it: I know this fickle ungrateful people better than you do: they are constant to no point; and you, in your turn, will be a victim to

their perfidy." He says he often recollects her prophetic words: the wrongs he has received are almost an accomplishment of her prediction: they have been true to no principles, sincere to no party; on whatever side or of whatever opinions, whoever has been prominent has been sacrificed: an undistinguishing fate has involved all orders of men; their talents could not screen them; their integrity afford no protection.

Santerre bears some resemblance in countenance and person to Lewis the Sixteenth, but is far more handsome. When he converses the features of his face indicate great benevolence; but when he is serious and composed, there is a cast of austerity in it. The pathetic manner in which he spoke on these subjects, the pain he felt at unmerited obloquy, which he is about refuting, in a publication to which thousands bear testimony, have made him extremely unhappy.

His general character is a confutation of the calumny ; for he is an affable friendly man ; of soft manners and unshaken rectitude ; he has refused employment under the present government, and maintains the principles he professed when the Revolution was at its summit.

LETTER XIII.

Paris, September 7, 1802.

IT was boisterous and tempestuous last night; it rained heavily; there was no resource from the pelting storm, but the sheltered Palais Royale; for it is a farce to call it any longer Place d'Egalité: it was brilliantly illuminated, as usual, perhaps more than ordinary, as the stress of weather would probably make the concourse of people greater than common. I found it thronged with people of all nations—Maccaroni officers, some in full uniform, and others without any; some with whiskers,

and some with preposterous beards ; soldiers, footmen, hair-dressers, waiters, demireps, Turks, fruit-women, police-guards, men with long gowns, and some in jackets ; and amidst this motley crew, drunken, reeling Englishmen—a sight as extraordinary as any other phenomenon in this square of animal curiosities. This was a night of abundant shew, and afforded subject for infinite amusement and contemplation.

In these walks were seen Madame Visconti and Madame Recamier—names to which the folly and apishness of the mimic English have given celebrity ; better female accomplishments, more beauty, (as to chastity I am silent,) are to be found in many of the seminaries of our English abbesses, than either of these ladies possess ; but fashion or accident, or some of those adventitious whimsies which are only to be found in the inexplicable

caprice of persons in higher life, have given them notoriety. Madame Visconti was once the favorite of Petion, a primitive Revolutionist; Recamier was a hatter's wife at Lyons, and had many favorites, though none so famous as the unfortunate Petion.

In some instances the fashions and manners in France resemble those in England. We know some ladies of quality near Piccadilly, and our squares, as dissipated and abandoned as ever Lais or Thais was; but they have ample fortunes, and give splendid routes. Who dare animadvert on their conduct? And if they did, who could withstand their sumptuous suppers, and the princely company that attends them. A little adultress, who would imitate her superiors, but has no fortune to feast her acquaintances, no mansion for entertainment,

is excluded society and consigned to infamy and contempt!

The Pantheon is not yet complete; it is as grand a building, and more capacious than the Roman Pantheon. Once this magnificent fabric was defiled with the cadaver of the detestable Marat; a demon who repeated and applied the wish of Caligula to the French people, and would have murdered every one who had lived under the monarchy, that there might be none remaining who remembered it. His polluted manes were deposited in a temple, dedicated to extraordinary talents, and extraordinary virtue: Marat was placed by the honorable ashes of the sentimental Rousseau, and the eloquent Voltaire. A little justice has been done; the precipitate French recollected the unnatural mixture; threw Marat in a common hole, where bodies like his should

lay, and left Rosseau and Voltaire again uncontaminated.

Inconsistencies are to be found among all people; but the transitions are so rapid, and the contradictions so gross, among the French, that it is difficult to ascertain from what principle they act, or whether they act from any. Uneducated men, illiterate soldiers, and ignorant fish-women, affected to understand the principles of a democracy; they all pointed to one object, and seemed unanimous for its attainment; and yet the soldiers, whose defection under the Monarch changed the monarchy, are contented and subservient under a government, where the principles of monarchy are reviving. Under Dumourier they were refractory, and abandoned a favorite General when they fancied he plotted against freedom; they forsook their darling La Fayette,

from a similar suspicion : yet these identical men are reconciled to the prevailing government, though they are no longer warring in Italy or Egypt, but find their arms employed to subdue the spirit which first actuated them, and for the repression of that liberty, to which their courage had given life.

In La Vendee, the conflict was long and terrible ; for ten years the carnage raged over every part of France ; it was the savage contest of Cannibals, in which they nourished their brutal hatred, in quaffs of human gore ; the proscription of Marius and Sylla, which once astonished the world, are no more mentioned ; the butcheries of Robespierre have filled every mind, and are on every tongue. To what end has been this frightful destruction ? The object has evaded the pursuers, and yet the

struggle is terminated. What a paradox are these people!

Every street in Paris has become notorious for its events; for the concealment of the proscribed; for the catastrophe of some inhabitant; for some singular combat, or for the birth or death of some venerable patriot. In the fluctuation of opinions and parties, scarce a house in the metropolis escaped some calamity, so fierce and sanguinary was the disposition of the demagogues; every family lost a father, a husband, a son, a brother, or a sister; for infancy or dotage was no exemption: and such has been the confusion and contradiction of political tenets, that the most cautious was ensnared. Every enthusiast of the Convention or Jacobin club broached some new notion to perplex the people: in an instant after followed a refinement on the term, that

twisted it into *leze Nation*, or into some offence, of which no one understood the crime but those who construed it: another and another followed: every demagogue created a new faction, and every faction broached new doctrines; their dogmas were the mysteries of the Sphinx; the antient fable was realized; no one could solve the riddle of their ambiguous opinions; and those who sought the exposition, failed and perished by another monster.

Notwithstanding these jarrings and opposition, all parties undistinguishedly met, though every guest in a company has been a delinquent or an accuser; impoverished by confiscation or become opulent by forfeitures. A strong military power paralyzes every spirit; and this is the apology for the present government! But could not the Directory be entrusted with a military power to keep the nation tranquil? Is the sol-

diery like the Pretorian cohorts, to be always the instruments of arbitrary will? Cannot the civil power, fairly constituted, employ the auxiliary aid of the military to assert its operations? England teaches the example, and there can be no deviation from the maxim compatible with liberty.

LETTER XIV.

Paris, September, 11, 1803.

MR. FOX receives no letters from strangers. This is certainly like importance, and may save a little trouble; but it shuts out a great deal of novelty. It is said, he has accepted of a goand breakfast from Madame Recamier. This is some degradation; but Mr. Fox is in the matrimonial state; and, in compliment to his lady, makes some slight aberrations from his usual sphere; in the zeal to ingratiate himself by these trifling visits, he has less considered his great fame

than her gratification. Nor wisdom nor strength have been able to withstand female charms; the wives of Solomon made him sin; Sampson humoured Dalilah, and Hercules his Dejanira.

Fox was invited to the breakfast of Santerre; but having paid his court at St. Cloud, he dared not be civil to this stern republican. This morning I had a small breakfast party; among the guests was General Santerre; every sentiment he delivered was weighed, every word he uttered was marked; but his conversation gave general satisfaction; whatever his former conduct has been, whatever the motive, (and few of our actions will bear tracing to their origin,) whatever are now his real opinions, his language seems genuine, and his political principles neither sanguinary or immoderate; he was explicit on the events

of the Revolution, and free in his animadversions on the predominant power.

Perhaps it is not universally known, that the Duke de Noailles and Madame Polignac were material causes of the disasters of the last reign. However insignificant in themselves, the disputes about court favor and precedence, they are frequently fraught with important results; as sometimes a black cloud engendered in the wilds of Siberia, or the deserts of Arabia, may run along the atmosphere, and cause a little vapor in some Monarch's brain, that may spread war over half the world. Noailles was of the chief family in France; an affable, benevolent man, but tenacious of the etiquette of his order; he appeared to have no passion or foible till his family right was invaded; and then his nature seemed changed. He was certainly, according to court punctilio, entitled to the principal station; but the Queen

had an unaccountable passion for Madame Polignac, and, without considering the consequences, she confounded all orders and distinctions to give her minion the preference; their jealousies and intrigues alienated all the other nobility; the new class were envious at the unmerited promotion of Madame Polignac, and the antient nobility were outrageous at this violation of their dignity; the Queen consulted Polignac from affection, and Noailles from necessity; the contending rivals disregarded the condition of the Monarch, and, only studious to thwart each other, gave contradictory counsel; the King was distracted with the opposite opinions, and trifled and wavered till his affairs were irretrievable.

I go to every prison; I traverse every street; I tread the ground over and over, and stun my mind with reflections on the

hideous events of the Revolution ; it brings to my recollection the last exclamation of the magnanimous Madame Roland, " O Liberty ! what crimes are committed in thy name !" It should have bettered their condition without perverting their nature. But what a change took place in an instant ! a polite ceremonious people were converted into rioters and ruffians ; and men, who had devoted their lives to love and gallantry, covered with a red bonnet on a mock tribunal, were passing sentence of death on the harmless objects of their past affection.

The beauty of Madame Roland had no influence on the infuriated French ; her learning excited no respect ; her melodious tongue had no more charms ; the pike was levelled at whatever was great and good ; and as her qualities were transcendent, her fate was inevitable ; and yet the people who commit-

ted so many vices, were capable of the sublimest virtues.

What a soul had the wife of the Marechal de Monchy! Her husband being taken to the Luxembourg, she was there as quick as him; she was told that the act of arrestation did not mention her. "If my husband," said she "is arrested, I too am arrested." He was carried to the Revolutionary Tribunal, and she accompanies him; the public accuser tells her she is not sent for. "If my husband is sent for, I shall be with him." He is condemned to death; he is placed in the murderous car; the executioner tells her she is not condemned: "If my, husband, wretch, is condemned, I too am condemned." I come to the sequel. Must I so often depreciate the Revolution? These occurrences make us shudder, and induce us to believe that there are as many evils under a democracy, as under any other government. This unparalleled woman suf-

ferred with her husband ; she had committed no crime ; she was testifying a conjugal love and heroism beyond example, and yet she was beheaded : the executioner, the judge, and every monster accessory to her death, was guilty of a most atrocious murder.

The Luxemburg was originally a nobleman's house, but latterly it was converted into a prison ; the palaces of the nobles were extremely large ; too large and too grand not to be envied ; the suspected persons arrested were too numerous for the common prisons ; for though " Liberty or Death " was written on all the walls, there were not prisons enough to contain all the arrested persons ; the *lettres de cachets* had never been more vigilant than the hydra monster of the Convention ; spies, informers, and denouncers, thronged in every part of the city, and outnumbered ten-fold the spies of the Monarch ; the prisons over-

flowed, and the Luxemburg was crouded like the others. In these frightful times, the instances of filial piety, of paternal love, of conjugal fondness, of fraternal attachment, and of extraordinary fidelity, are numberless: these people were capable of the most exalted virtues, and their impassioned and fervid minds carried them always to extremes in them. Madame de Malezy sustained her father in prison; was his only solace; softened the bitter moments of death, and rather than abandon the beloved author of her life, affected to participate in his error; she followed him to the guillotine, and bent her beautiful neck to the same murderous instrument.

At Brest, an unknown person entered Madame Ruvilly's house; an aged prelate of eighty years accosts her; he is enfeebled by a dangerous journey and want of food:

“ Sir,” said the benevolent lady, “ you will be concealed here, and safe.” He would have satisfied his hunger, have parted, and not endanger his benign hostess by taking refuge with her; but she would not permit the venerable priest to encounter further peril. Madame Desmarets, her sister, was with her, and kept the secret. Fatal fidelity! they were both dragged before the Committee of Safety; the name imports the mockery; to term that a Tribunal of Safety, where every accusation was conviction, and every conviction death! no milder chastisement; no mercy, to inadvertence or error; no forgiveness for intemperance; no remission for repentance: the Committee of Safety shewed no lenity; like Draco’s laws, the whole code was written in blood, and the smallest transgression was punished with the extinction of life; both these magnanimous sisters were doomed to death; they knew the hazard of their hospitality; they did not

repent their generosity, and submitted contentedly to their sentence.

So many examples of generosity in a people thought sordid, and so many efforts of courage in a people called effeminate, have surprised all Europe. Madame Paysac, of Paris, did not wait for solicitation from Rabaud de St. Etienne, when the abominable faction, which destroyed whatever it could reach of great or good, outlawed him. What became of the demolishers of the Bastile, the heroes of the tenth of August? What benumbed their patriotism? Inconstant, ungrateful people! that could see undisturbed their leaders and firmest friends butchered in rotation, like beasts in a shamble; no voice was heard to plead; no effort to rescue them! Such are the mutable French! To violent paroxysms of rage succeed intervals of languor and torpor; in the period of a very few hours,

they follow an idolized leader to scale castles and kill kings ; and listless, and senseless, follow afterwards the same leader to execution ! When the brave Rabaud de St. Etienne was denounced by that knell of death, the public accuser, Madame de Paysac went directly to his house to offer him hers as an asylum ; she was aware that the relentless Robespierre respected no virtue, and that her generosity associated her with him in the charge ; but no consideration deterred her ; Rabaud started at her danger, and declined the offer ; she would take no refusal ; he at length acquiesced——accompanied her——was discovered, and, according to the execrated custom of the day, both were guillotined.

The faction did not forget the noble Condorcet : a lady who esteemed him when he guided the people, did not regard him less, now that the capricious people had de-

serted him ; she offered her house to shelter him from the fiends who sought him :

“ Madam, you will be outlawed as I am, if I accept your offer.”——“ But I shall not be

outlawed from humanity,” she replied ;

“ and to be proscribed from the government as it is now managed, is no dishonour.” He

was astonished at her intrepidity ; but the magnanimous man would not avail himself

of it ; and that the friends who had entertained him might not be injured by their

generosity, he went into a bye path near

Paris, and slew himself, that no traces might

be found to the doors that had received him.

Of such souls were the men whom Robers-

pierre feared ; their talents eclipsed his puny

genius ; their integrity discomfited his ca-

bals. The cowardice of Condorcet’s con-

temporaries is a disheartening example to

patriotism ; there is no stability in popular

favor and applause ; no security in public

attachment; posterity begins to render justice; it consecrates the memory of Condorcet, and pours execrations on his adversaries.

The names of Sombrequil and Cazotte, will be the pride of the human world, while filial piety is held a virtue; it is needless to repeat what has been the theme of so many volumes; their story is known, and has agonized every reader's heart. How shall we comprehend the complicated character of this variable people? We imagined them dastardly; read their battles in Italy and Asia,—follow them through this civil contest, and see what prodigies of valour they have performed; they have been called light and superficial, but their books teem with strong and profound opinions; if we charge them with levity, we are astonished at that steadiness of affection, firmness in friendship, pa-

tience, and perseverance, which marked them in the trying time of Robespierre.

There is no quality that ornaments our character, either of social compact, or domestic tie, in which they have not given superlative manifestations; but they have been counterbalanced by frantic and ferocious outrages; by the juridical robberies of their mock Judges, who boasted, when they wanted money they coined aristocrats; and by a series of barbarous murders which surpass all other civil wars! How then are they to be described? They are nothing uniformly and systematically, and every thing by fits and starts.

LETTER XV.

Paris, September 13, 1802.

ON the ever memorable 10th of August, when Lewis was attacked at the Tuilleries, and took refuge in the Convention, that fatal refuge that ended in dethronement and death, Edgeworth, so famous for his hazardous adherence to the King, so happy in the consolatory ejaculation he uttered when the blade dropt on the King's neck, ran to the Palace to see if he could be of service in that turbulent moment; but all was a scene of tumult and carnage; the populace were slaughtering the Swiss; dead bodies bestrewed the Palace-yard; and the Royal

Family was fled; disappointed, and disconsolate, he returned through the *Rue de l'Échelle*, at the foot of the fountain that separates it from *Rue St. Louis*; he saw a mob dragging away a dead body; a lady with dishevelled hair, eyes starting from their sockets, and a countenance of wild distraction, forced through the crowd; she came to seek an assassinated husband; the body was hacked and disfigured, but it resembled the adored object she sought: she approached it, gazed on it, and swooned; she was carried to a coffee-house in the neighbourhood; there she returned to life, and thence she returned to the body; her face, though haggard by anguish, still bore traits of recent beauty: she had not yet ascertained what she so much dreaded; she seized the right hand, and found her wedding-ring! Instantly she sunk on the beloved corpse, clung round it, and became senseless

and motionless: horror struck, the spectators stared, and at last would tear her from the dismal sight; they separated her from the body, but she had died in the embrace! Here again is a wonderful instance of sensibility and love; no susceptibility approaches it, but the persisting melancholy and pining of the amiable Lady Russel.

The vaunting of the French had made them contemptible; but in this Revolution they have evinced that, if they have exceeded other nations in boasting, they have excelled them in deeds; but whether in the commission of vice or virtue? They have carried both to extremes.

Whoever has heard of Charlotte Corday will confess astonishment at her extraordinary resolution. A respectable lady of unsullied character quitted Caen in Normandy to

stop the destruction of the human species by the death of Marat: without frenzy or effort, deliberately and coolly, she adopted her design; the law could not reach the rabble chief; the people were under infatuation; like Decius she devoted herself for the country. There is no vindicating assassination; she effected her purpose, and paid with her dear regretted life the price of the vilest miscreant that nature ever created. Her ignominious exit does not dishonor her; disgrace rather falls on those who pronounced such a doom to avenge the scrophulous, morbid, half dead wretch, who had perpetrated so many crimes.

Every spot in Paris has become a memorandum of some extraordinary event; every stone of the Palace is indented with the cannon shot of the tenth of August. Burke was always eloquent, and sometimes pro-

phetic; but his prolific imagination often misguided his judgment, and bewildered his readers. It has been frequently said, and justly said, that his commiseration was excited for distressed Monarchs, but to inferior persons in misery he was indifferent: his character has unfolded itself, and is at last understood: faded commerce, declining trade, the indigence of millions of industrious citizens, were, in his estimation, but ordinary evils; the despondency of human creatures, agonizing in the dismal cells of the Bastile, were but insignificant considerations; his feelings could only be roused by the sufferings of a King, or of a Queen, whose visionary charms had pleased his romantic fancy. — But his reasoning is specious, his diction fascinating; his declamation falls like a cataract, and admits the mind no time for pause; — the wisest have been deluded by his syren periods, and common understandings have been over-

whelmed by them; but the fervor of contention has subsided; the resentment of parties has diminished; sober reflection has succeeded enthusiasm; and the incantation of his doleful pathos is broken.

Either Mr. Burke did not comprehend the French character or he misrepresented it to please his partizans. The men he has so calumniated have performed acts that have astonished him, and exhibited qualities which he has denied or misconstrued.——When their chains were broken, and genius was no longer restrained, what a display of oratory charmed the auditors! They delivered the purest moral axioms, and the soundest politics: we found ardent exuberant minds, profound thought, and legislative knowledge in men, suddenly emerged from obscurity; they taught doctrines in every science better than the sages of antiquity, as if they obtained wisdom by intuition, or were endowed

with greater mental capacity than ordinary. Men of such organization did not require that long application and intense study which men of duller dispositions want.

If the Constitution had been subverted, and the Legislators murdered by latter factions—if the people, intoxicated by their new liberty, and perplexed by the artifices of their leaders, have committed enormities, it is to be lamented; but it is not surprizing, from so ardent and impetuous a people, and who were scarcely doing more than retorting the injuries they had received: they exercised the inhumanity they had been taught, and the constant executions of their fellow-citizens, (which they had so often witnessed) had steeled their hearts, and made them practise pitilessly on their tyrants the cruelty they had exercised on others. “They broke their chains on their oppressors’ heads;” it was retaliation; it was retributive justice;

it is to be deprecated, but it is in the eternal constitution of things; those who have been the most abject slaves become the most relentless masters, and those who have been the most oppressed, will become the most resentful.

If there have been murders in Lewis the Sixteenth's time, so were there murders in Charles the First's time. If the French had a Carrier, we had a Kirke. Their Robespierre hardly exceeded our Jeffreys; and the sacrifice of Bailly and the twenty-two, had a precedent in the deaths of Russel and Algernon Sidney.

Religion and politics underwent so many alterations and transformations in Cromwell's time, that it was difficult to comprehend the trifling distinctions, and to decide what creed to adopt. In legislation there are now as many whimsical opinions in France

as ever distracted England ; but four parties are prominent ; there are aristocrats who never emigrated, and seemed to acquiesce in the new order of things ; these were insincere, made no resistance, and were silent. Other aristocrats who emigrated have undergone great affliction, but have returned unimproved by experience, unsoftened by adversity, inveterate and incorrigible : these aristocrats are inimical to the present government ; for though it is not a democracy that annuls their order, it is not a government that restores and countenances it ; they are abhorred as in the days of Robespierre, and as, in his days, powerless and insignificant ; these are irreconcilable. There are the democrats who expected their fancied equalization, who affected simplicity, and the rigor of the primitive ages, banished dress and cleanliness, and would have butchered twenty-three millions of the people

that the other million might remain democrats; they are exasperated that their Utopian schemes are frustrated; that their chimerical system has vanished; and a government sprung up that has confounded aristocrat and democrat, and disappointed the views of both. There is a fourth party chiefly mercantile and trading, enamoured of their business and its profits, fond of the various spectacles, indifferent to the Bourbons and Bonaparte, indifferent to all forms and modes of government, so that they can carry on their avocations without interruption, and enjoy their evening's amusement in safety. There is such a class as this under every government; base, sordid, and selfish, as if they had no connection in society, and no affinity with posterity; so dull and narrow minded, as not to comprehend, that whether a despotic government is mild or immoderate, it may, when it pleases, violate personal freedom, or invade private property;

and where this power is possessed, there can be no security or happiness.

At the College of Physicians at Lyons, was formerly a Doctor O'Ryan; the Revolution drove him from his station, and he took refuge in his native Ireland; the prevailing party presumed him a Royalist, though he ranged himself on no side, and never declared his opinions; but his rank at the College was a symptom of aristocracy. At the peace he went to Paris, and is in as much practice and eminence as ever. It is a great comfort to the indisposed English to have the aid of a person who speaks their language, and knows their temperament; he deserves his success, for he is as benevolent a friend, as he is a skilful physician: his family too (for scarcely any family escaped,) suffered from the tumultuous times. Badger had married his wife's sister; he was carried

before the Revolutionary Tribunal; it was a summons to the grave; it was the claim for formal murder; the victims were devoted by anticipation; Badger was mistaken for a brother who was wounded and ill in bed; one word could have undeceived the Judges; but the hero loved his brother, and was determined to save him; the ordinary interrogatories were put, he connived at the error, was condemned, and went calmly to the scaffold.

LETTER XVI.

Paris, September 16, 1802.

LA FAYETTE resides at Paris; he appears a quiet unambitious citizen: whether his conduct is from motives of discretion, or he is sick of the struggle of civil dissention, and its uncertain result, it is not easy to divine; by the apparent seriousness and gravity of his demeanor, it would seem he had forgotten the Quixotic challenge to Lord Carlisle, and the vaultings of his graceful milk-white steed; and that he sought no more the dangerous sport of fomenting civil broil and overturning kingdoms. When he was tampering with the mob, and exciting riot, he

did not imagine he was raising a tempest he could not allay; the vain man fancied that the same power which put the populace in motion, could, when it pleased, restrain and stop it. Unskilled in the nature of public commotion, its peril and consequences, he did not see to what end his trifling and manœuvring led; he was astonished at last to see the embers he had lighted, spread into such a flame, and was startled at the outrages of which he was the unwary instigator.

La Fayette, whose versatility puzzled politicians, and veered alternately to democracy, to monarchy, and to aristocracy, is now reconciled to the nameless government of the day; it is said, he even seeks occupation under it; but the First Consul pauses; apostacy is no recommendation, where stubborn, stupid attachment is wanted; and the former restlessness of the Marquis is no

earnest of future quietness ; but a long imprisonment may have made him indifferent to the public, as the public has shewn itself indifferent to him ; age and observation have extinguished his political ardor.

It is impossible, however, to speak of La Fayette, without recollecting the violence done him on neutral ground, and the faith of nations broken in the persons of Semonville and Maret, in a wood near Coire, by Austrian Hussars ; but worse, and more flagrantly of all, in the seizure of Tandy. The French were termed a horde of savages, of frantic republicans, of mad anarchists ; but brand them how we may, their wars were heroic and honorable ; their conquests brilliant and humane : they penetrated the metropolis of their enemy's country, and no artifice or treachery marked their footsteps ; they respected the law of nations : no ambassadors' persons were violated ; no dis-

patches were intercepted; no secret assassinations degraded their military operations; in the utmost fervor of revolution, their excesses were confined to themselves; invincible and fearless, they disdained intrigue; they left poison and the dagger to their enemies, and wielded and triumphed with the pike and the sword. The continental monarchs violated the faith they should have maintained; the French respected and preserved it.

How many circumstances arise to refute Mr. Burke's opinions! With all his rhetoric and wisdom, with all his sagacity and genius, his political conduct was inconsistency and contradiction. We remember the monstrous coalition, the sudden direktion of long principle, and adoption of new friendship; we remember his faithless desertion of Mr. Fox, and that latter string of charges, fraught with nothing but the discomfiture and dis-

grace of the accuser. . . And who will ever forget the popular motion that the influence of the crown had increased, was increasing, and ought to be diminished? Language was ransacked for choice expressions, and imagination for tropes and figures to ornament this celebrated motion; and similar labours have sullied his latter years, to prove the predominancy of the people, and the declension of royal authority. His pamphlets are whining apprehensions of democratic ascendancy, and disgusting adulations of the crown; he no longer trembles for the liberties of the people, but he shudders lest prerogative be touched; the influence that alarmed him has lost its terrors; from champion of the people, he became knight errant for the throne; his lucubrations were not every way fruitless; the power he newly vindicated recompensed his flatteries with

a pension ; he acknowledged it, and gloried in the mercenary wages.

A parallel has often been drawn between France and America : but there is no analogy between them ; the commotion in America was not civil war ; it was not American against American, but America against England ; as foreign a power after the taxations and denunciations and manifestoes, as the Mogul's or that of Tartary ! but whatever cause actuated the Americans, I doubt if these deliberate, dispassionate, judicious people, could ever have committed such enormities ; firm, but not violent ; determined, but not ferocious ; intrepid, but not cruel ; with a steady persevering temper they pursued their course, not discouraged by discomfit, nor intoxicated by success. No argument can vindicate the conduct of the

French, but something may be said in palliation; they were inured to blood by the exhibition of the wheel; they were irritated by an arrogant aristocracy, and by all the rigor which unrestrained and merciless tyrants exercised on a defenceless people: surrounding kings were conspiring their destruction; their own king had joined the confederacy; the aristocrats were caballing and malignant; mischief was brooding in every quarter; destruction menaced them in every direction; they were seized with terror and dismay, and, in their distraction, they struck on all sides without pause or discrimination.

But the assassinations in the prisons were cool and deliberate! Is it difficult, among twenty-four millions of people, to select a banditti, who, for twenty-four livres a head, and drenching them with wine and spirits,

would not way-lay and kill whoever is marked out to them? In peace and profound tranquillity, Italy furnishes its bravoës; and under the Stuarts, England teemed with military assassins and judicial murderers.

Julius Cæsar had resided long in Gaul, and understood the French character critically; the masterly delineation holds true from the period in which it was drawn, down to the present hour; their government has undergone many metamorphoses; but whatever has been their political condition, their moral character has been the same; in his strong language he calls them bad servants and bad masters, fawning, abject, and intractable in slavery; and in freedom turbulent, wild and licentious.

But we do not know sufficiently of the remote age of Julius Cæsar, of the confused

and motley principalities of the primitive Gauls, to judge of their influence on the morals of the nation; the foibles and vices of their rulers might stamp a character on the people. Under a mild and just government the temper and manners of its members may be corrected and ameliorated; but the French have been long unfortunate in their political condition—either the victims of a galling yoke under a monarchy, or a prey to anarchy.

LETTER XVII.

Paris, September 19, 1801.

IN many of the hasty periodical productions on the Revolution, it has been frequently asserted, and generally believed, that Manuel was one of the directors of the massacre in the prisons. A work has lately appeared, and is much admired, that relates a great many important occurrences at *La Force*; among other extraordinary anecdotes, it says, that the celebrated Edgeworth, who was in more scenes than was imagined, had endeavoured to communicate some comfortable intelligence to the King in the Temple,

and was discovered and seized under the window, in the disguise of a singing beggar; he was imprisoned in *La Force* when Madame Lambslle was there; this seems to favor of romance, but it is now known that Edgeworth's intimacy with the King began almost immediately on his arrival at the Tuilleries; and that he was not only the ghostly confessor to the Monarch, but his political confidant: that he always attempted to inculcate on the King's mind, firm, but mild principles. Edgeworth, though a priest, was not violent or vindictive; he was decreed to suffer with the ill-fated Lam-balle, and the other prisoners; but Manuel concealed him in a cell unknown to all but the keeper. When the feeble fainting Lam-balle was taken from her bed to be interrogated by the Marseillois Judges, who were presiding and hacking to pieces the prisoners below stairs, she shewed a resolution and

magnanimity that was not expected from such nerves; Manuel came forward to the assassins; he declared his office; he told them of his authority, and commanded them to spare the Princess; she was standing on a mound of dead bodies newly slaughtered, and still bleeding; she supported herself on the arms of two ruffians, who forced her to keep her position; she heard Manuel plead; but flushed with blood and wine, and influenced by a secret power beyond what Manuel imagined, they disregarded his interposition; they were not awed by her fortitude; they were not softened by her beauty; they asked her to criminate the Queen, and reveal the secrets of the Austrain Committee; in these horrible moments, environed with men still reeking with the gore of their victims, with uplifted sabres, she would not divulge what had been confided to her; she spoke of her mistress as of a

generous friend and a persecuted Queen; Manuel dreaded the effect of this language, and opened his breast to the assassin's pike, which he saw levelling at her. It was a hideous scene: Lamballe was ill; she was terrified; she was sinking; but her mind would not relax; she could not give up her beloved mistress. The best encomium on the Queen's character, is this lady's attachment; it gives me an idea of qualities that I did not before ascribe to Antoinette. While she spoke, and Manuel on the side of her, some accursed hand struck her on the back of the head with a sabre; the blood spirted on the aghast and motionless Manuel, and Lamballe staggered; she would have fallen, but she was sustained by the wretches who had her by the arms; more blows were struck, and she sunk. It is too shocking to relate what indecencies followed, how the canibals caroused

on the issuing blood, and paraded the palpitating members through the city. You have often heard it ; but I have mentioned thus far to rescue the name of Manuel from participation in foul deeds, from which he recoiled with horror, and exerted all his power to prevent.

Orleans, the presiding demon of this killing assembly, gained a great income by Lamballe's death, and he paid a great price for it ; she preferred her honor to her life ; the safety of the Queen to her own preservation. Though Orleans bargained for her death, if she could have been prevailed upon to condemn the Queen, to confirm the charges made against her, with the intercession of Manuel she might have escaped, and the cupidity of the bloodthirsty Orleans, would have been disappointed.

Now that Robespierre is no more, truth is spoken, and there is no danger in justifying Manuel; in his revolutionary phrenzy he had been guilty of crimes; but to gratify Robespierre, he was defamed for crimes he had never committed; he was anxious to save the King's life as he had been to save Lamballe's; but his efforts were unsuccessful in both. When vice and virtue were made to have no determinate nature, but were changed and perverted as served the purpose of the faction, it was then that he was denounced for a culpable mercy towards *the last of the tyrants*; it was alledged that he had used secret influence to save the King's life; and for this he forfeited his own; when Robespierre sought the destruction of those of whom he was jealous or afraid, their principles, whatever they were, signified nothing; some act was misrepresented, some word misconstrued, and

no conduct could shelter them: and yet there is one trait in his life which ought to be told, though it requires an effort to make us believe that he did good from a good motive.

There was a trial in England respecting some forged assignats; the person who forged them, confessed it in open court, and said it was done with the approbation of the Secretary of State. Perhaps this was a falsehood; but it is on record, and no one from government has condescended to deny it. Lord Kenyon, the moral, simple, blunt, independent Chief Judge of that day, in summing up, told the Jury, that in war there were certain laws by which nations were bound, such as not using poisoned arms, quarters in war, &c. &c.; but forging assignats did not seem an offence against the faith of nations, &c. &c. About that time a projector presented

himself to Roberspierre, and shewed some curious plates for forging English bank-notes; Roberspierre rewarded his ingenuity with a commitment to the Conciergerie.

LETTER XVIII.

Paris, September 22, 1802.

THOUGH I am on the spot, and Mr. Fox in my vicinity, I cannot tell what reports to credit or reject; he has become a subject of conversation among the French, and of animadversion among the English. It is said he has been presented to Bonaparte, and dined twice with him at the Tuilleries or St. Cloud; that the Consul requested the Patriot to meet him at the annual fair of the Louvre, where the choice articles of manufactures and inventions are yearly displayed, that he might introduce Mrs. Fox to Ma-

dame Bonaparte, as it were, casually, as the form of a court was too solemn and notorious for the new condition of Mrs. Fox. I dare hardly comment on this intimacy; I fear to indulge conjecture, and judge hastily of the motives of a man, whose whole life is a pledge for his integrity; his domestic conduct has been simple and benevolent; his senatorial career, intrepid, consistent, and independant; his meekness has shewn how little he is swayed by vanity; his poverty has proved how unambitious. A man, who in the hey-day of his youth resisted temptation, will not contaminate his glories when the vehemence of the passions has abated, and the incentives to apostacy are extinct; but he should have remembered that the eyes of Europe were upon him; that he could not move like ordinary men; that all his actions are weighed and criticised; he should have testified by a backwardness, and tardy acquiescence, that

if honors came upon him, they came unsought; that there was no inveigling or coquetry on his side, but that the Consul was eager to know so eminent a man, and that he could not elude his solicitous invitations without rudeness or indecency.

Mr. Fox should have recollected in what sanguine terms he defended the Revolution; his enemies often deemed his language treasonable; his friends, that it was ardent and indiscreet: he should have remembered that he had called the Revolution a glorious fabric; his glorious fabric was then the republican base of a pyramid; it has now terminated in a point; and his eulogies continue as if the structure had undergone no alteration. Fox should have remembered how lavish he was in his panegyrics on the French Government before Bonaparte presided, and that his visits to him were equal panegyrics on the Consu-

late. If he was really enamoured of the glorious fabric he so often extolled, how could he be reconciled to the hand that impaired it? I am disposed to judge favorably of all Mr. Fox does; but there seems an inconsistency in this behaviour, which he has never condescended to explain: perhaps he was elate at the accumulation of honors on Mrs. Fox; but in performing the duties of a fond husband, he derogated from the dignity of the statesman, and made sacrifices to gratify his lady, which he never made for himself.

Mr. Erskine, the pride of the British Bar, is here; he is seen at every public place; he walks the Palais Royal, the Tuilleries, and the Louvre; he visits all the curiosities, and looks as light, nimble, and juvenile as if time were stationary with him, and had been incapable of impairing his constitution. Mr.

Curran, too, is here: his exterior is not so graceful as that of Mr. Erskine; he is not so universally known; but whoever heard his defence of Rowan Hamilton, will revere his principles, and be charmed with his oratory. When Hamilton harranged the Irish, and praised the French government, he little dreamed that the Revolution would terminate in a new fangled Consulate.—— Curran is contemplating the instability of human affairs, and the uncertainty of civil struggle; nothing worthy notice escapes the sagacity of the quick-eyed Curran. While his mind is heated, and the impressions fresh, it would be an intellectual feast, to hear the opinions of one of the most judicious and eloquent men existing.

The Palais Royale is encumbered with as many English and Irish as French; some to remark on the effect of the Revolution,

but the major part from fashion or amusement.

It is not a circumstance generally imagined in England, but positively asserted here, and firmly believed by the French, though it gains no credit with me, that the late Duke of Bedford came to France immediately after the storming of the Tuilleries; that he traversed every room, examined every article of furniture; enquired into every occurrence, and was thunder-struck at the magnitude of this great change. His notions and conduct were always singular, and indicated a mind of more than ordinary vigor; he was peculiar and original; he was a slave to no precedent; he was warped by no prejudices; his great aim was to be right, and when he was conscious that he was so, he was immovable: if he came here, it was to ascertain facts which the

passions and partiality of others might palliate or exaggerate. Whether he made this excursion or not, it shews that the French conceived his character as well as we did, and ascribed this singular curiosity to the most peculiar and exploring spirit in the kingdom.

The books of curiosities at Paris mention ostentatiously its Museums: there is some ground for their vaunting, for no other country can rival them in works of art.— The Goths and Vandals destroyed the excellent pieces of sculpture that had made Rome magnificent; but the French in their ransack, spared the ornaments they found; they spared them for themselves; and with the spoils of Rome and Florence, decorated Paris. There is a natural Revolution which all the world undergoes; poverty makes people warlike and hardy; so it was

under Romulus ; they attack more wealthy nations, and change conditions with them ; they, in their turn, are enervated by success and luxury, and are attacked and overcome by some other indigent neighbour. Thus nations labour and fight for riches ; and when they are at the zenith of prosperity, they are at that point from whence they are verging to destruction. The Museum opens twice a week to the French, but to strangers, whose sojourning may be limited, it is open every day. The Apollo of Belvedere, the Venus of Medicis, and the Laocoon, which attracted travellers to Italy, are now the chief beauties of the French Museum ; and if no intestine commotion affect them, they are not likely to suffer quickly from foreign powers, for they are brave, and extremely numerous : it is a long journey to Paris ; and the enemy must march a great extent of territory, all the way through adversarys, to reach the metropo-

lis. On the side of England they have nothing to apprehend; we are not in the chivalry times of Edward the Black Prince, or in the triumphant days of Henry the Fifth; we have to tremble for ourselves. We quaked at the attempts at Bantry Bay: the insulting scanty landing of Humbert threw all Ireland into consternation; and we have armed and prepared frequently at the daring menaces of Bonaparte; peace has calmed our fears and lulled our suspicions; but we know not the moment when the jealousy or ambition of the Consul, may rekindle the unextinguished embers of the late combustion, and again throw the two nations into flame and enmity.

The paintings of Raphael and Reubens are among the best performances in this gallery; but no picture, perhaps, is better executed, and more disgusting and distressing than the flaying of a chief magistrate, by order of

Cambyzes, for prevarication and injustice: there is no viewing it without shuddering; What sensations does this terrible justice excite! With such a picture in constant view, the French Courts of Judicature must be pure: no corruption or partiality can taint them: the hideous memento will always remind them of their duty: the story is a lesson to all the administrators of justice; for though every monarch is not a Cambyzes, and all laws are not so severe, it shews what a heinous offence perverting justice was deemed even by a tyrant.

Excepting this Museum, France seems to have undergone but little physical alteration; the Pantheon, which I formerly mentioned, is a new building; most of the other curiosities remain as they were; the Revolution has neither deprived it of former buildings, or erected others. In the garden of plants, the wild beasts may be seen.

gratis : an old man, who pretends to be of English extraction, and speaks the English with tolerable accuracy, though with a foreign accent, asks a boon when he perceives a countryman. We have wild beasts in the Tower ; but in England, there is a tax on every thing ; and the armory and the mock jewels, and the lions, are all to be separately and dearly paid for, or not to be seen.

The population of France, and agricultural improvement, have not yet rid the country of wolves ; they were once extremely numerous ; their numbers may be diminished since the Revolution, but they are still strong and fierce. The son of one Couteaux, of Hamonville, (Department de Vosges,) got up early in the morning on some business, and a few paces from the door he heard a woman's shrieks, he hastened to the spot, following the sound of the voice, and found a woman within the paws

of a large wolf; the youth was but eighteen, unarmed, but he endeavoured to rescue the woman, who was already torn; the wolf turned on him, and he in his turn cried out for help; his mother heard him, and ran to his succour: the danger of her son inspired her with unusual strength, and she overthrew the beast; the animal instantly recovered its feet; but the lad had seized a hatchet, and struck him; the beast fought desperately and screamed hideously; but the youth was undaunted, repeated his blows, and the wolf was killed. France is a large country; it has in some parts extensive woods, thick with trees, and almost impregnable, from whence, these animals sometimes visit the villages, and commit great devastation.

The more we learn of the history of the public or private life of Orleans, we have occasion to execrate him: but there is one little trait of him that may be told to his

advantage; and as it is the only one I ever heard in his favour, trifling as it is; (and from a motive, perhaps, not as laudable as the act would intlicate) I mention it. It is known that he affected English fashions, had hunters and grooms, and all imitated the English dress; one day a groom fell into the river, the Prince saw the man could not swim, plunged in after him and reached him; but being a crop, he had great difficulty in taking hold of him; he at length succeeded, and brought him to shore; the man fell on his knees, and blessed and thanked his saviour. Orleans said, "My friend, you are welcome to what I have done for you; but the next time you are in the humour to throw yourself into the water, be so good to wear longer hair."

LETTER XIX.

Paris, September 25, 1802.

THE Council General of the Department of the Seine, (I speak in French terms; their epithets are always grand, and their descriptions pompous) decreed a monument in honor of the First Consul. It is of little importance to sycophants who have ascended the pinnacle of power; their homage is to him who can remunerate it; whether he was successful by accident or discretion,——whether he has soared on the wings of his own talents, or on the borrowed plumes of others, weigh nothing in their estimation.

The humble obsequious department of the Seine, once so famous for its revolutionary ardor, decreed this honor to the First Consul, to be erected where the grand Chatelet formerly was. Bonaparte's answer to the flattering compliment is as artful and hypocritical as their offer was servile and abject: "Citizens, Members of the Council General of the Department of the Seine, (he re-echoes the ostentatious sounds) I see with gratitude the sentiments that animate the Magistrates of the city of Paris. The custom of dedicating monuments to men who have rendered themselves useful to the people is honorable to nations: I accept the offer of the monument you would raise to me; but let us leave to posterity the care of rearing it; let us leave its construction to after ages, if they ratify the opinion you entertain of me." Profound consummate dissimulation! How he rejects the shade while he seizes the essence! What are monuments, statues,

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pedestals, addresses, and orations, but emblems of qualities, or effusions of adulation? Bonaparte was not to be amused and deluded with vain honors and empty titles; he aspired at solid power, and his conquering soldiery enabled him to obtain it. This is the inevitable misfortune of Revolution; the instruments by which liberty is gained are generally its destruction; the army that conquers the enemy at last recoils on its friends; and the General that has fought the nation's battles, ends his career by arrogating the supreme authority.

No one has been able to dive into the dark and impenetrable temper of Bonaparte; his designs cannot be inferred from his declarations, and he never condescends to interpret his actions: no one can account for the sudden death of four hundred and seventy sick French soldiers in Egypt, nor the cold-blooded murder of the three thou-

sand five hundred Turks. These events are enveloped in impervious obscurity; whether the Mahometans fell a sacrifice to the resentment of the army, and the French soldiers to an epidemic disease, or both to some exigency of the time or place, the mind has no clue to ascertain or guide to conjecture.

Bonaparte obtained the confidence of the nation by his patriotic professions, and humble demeanor; by his pacific declarations, and assurances of amnesty and oblivion to all parties. Aristocrats and democrats were tired of mutual slaughter, and the chief at the head of triumphant troops was received unconditionally: while he affected the tone of mediator, he assumed the manners of dictator: in his lofty and ostentatious promises of preserving the Constitution, he studied an equivocalness of expression that left an opening for any innovation that

he might deem requisite: when he possessed the helm, he bound himself to no terms; pledged himself to no explicit observance; the laws were to be no criterion or standard by which to square his actions; all were to bend to the regulations of the First Consul, and the irresistible power of the military. Who would parley, and dispute his progress, when he was in the Palace surrounded by his Mamelukes and favorite legions? The die was cast; the rubicon was past; and rather than incur resentment by opposition, every Parisian hastened to gain his favor, by welcome and congratulations.

Constitutionally cautious and reserved, policy and habit have strengthened his natural disposition; he never discloses his design; his deeds accompany his intention; and no one knows his mind till it is manifested in his actions. It is not easy to circumvent schemes of which there can be no conception. He still perseveres in his original lan-

guage, though we cannot trace, in his deportment, any resemblance to his professions. The gunpowder explosion, as he passed towards the Louvre, evinced the temper of the disaffected people; and it is to be apprehended that the failure of that design, will not discourage the discontented citizens from new attempts.

On a grand parade day, Bonaparte, who sometimes relaxes, though not often, came up to the Serjeant Major of the first regiment of artillery, whom he formerly knew, and said, "Apropos, Citizen Bievelot, are you still an original as you once was?" — "My General, (replied the other,) not so much an original as you are, who do nothing like other men, and whom no one can imitate." A prompt smart reply, and not inapplicable; for his military prowess, or his success, or political talents, have rendered him the paragon of the age; and if

he had been philosopher enough to have restrained his ambition, and confirmed that liberty to France which she was beginning to comprehend, he had been the greatest and most magnanimous of the human species.

LETTER XX.

Paris, October 5, 1802.

THE Revolutionists swore to obliterate every vestige of royalty, to destroy every instrument of tyranny; but one of its worst appendages has never been abolished, or has been revived. Paris swarms more than ever with spies; every arrival is instantly announced; a minute description of every person is given to the government or to the police, for the two offices are synonymous; his rank, his fortune, his family, the motive of his journey, are all made known, and the information at the public office, and his arrival at

Paris, are but one point of time. No Bourgeois can receive a lodger, without instantly apprizing a Commissaire of his name and condition, who visits him, and the number of his dishes; he must omit nothing, but descend to the most trifling particulars. So suspicious and timorous is the Government, that affects to aspire to the dominion of all Europe, and the conquest of Asia! By this intelligence the police pretends it is enabled to detect fraud. Another more probable cause may be assigned for the extraordinary vigilance of the spies: Bonaparte cannot think the government yet stable, that the people's allegiance is sincere; he hears of disaffection; of murmuring and menaces; he knows that the huzzas of the soldiers on his Consulate, are not like the voluntary suffrages of the nation; and that the sound of fife and beat of drum, do not suppress discontent and resentment: by the

spies he is apprized of every design and motion.

Massena and Moreau isolate themselves ; they have a distinct circle, and no intercourse with any one out of it ; yet the eye of all France is upon them, and if another change were to happen, it is from their integrity and moderation, that the Republic would expect to be freed from military control, and liberty again to resuscitate. Environed with spies, and objects of unremitting jealousy and fear, they live the life of Damocles ; snares are spread for them at every step ; but their prudence baffles every stratagem, and government can find no pretext for complaint. If they spoke to the First Consul, as report says they did, no reconciliation can ever take place. They had a violent altercation with him on some important subject, and Massena and Moreau said to him,

"Sir, be more modest; you have not much to presume upon: if each of us takes back the laurels of which you have robbed us, your brows will be naked."

There is a Count Malden among my acquaintances here; he is incognito, and under a feigned name: he traces his genealogy to the Essex family, from which he says he is a lineal descendant; he accompanied the King in his flight to Varennes, from whence he was brought back tied to the carriage: he allows that the King had a ravenous appetite, but denies that he stopped to eat on the road, and was known; a trifling circumstance occasioned his interception; another instance that the greatest designs may be frustrated by the slightest occurrence. There was a mistake about the relay of horses, and the harness, according to the French custom, was out of order; by these accidents forty minutes were lost,

and the impatient, anxious Marquis de Bouilli, who was stationed on the way with some regiments to protect the King's journey, went in quest of his Majesty ; the Marquis's solicitude was fatal to the plan ; to shorten the way, or to go privately, he went through some adjoining wood ; he missed the King, and never found him till he was in the midst of his enemies. He asked his permission to endeavour a rescue ; but that timidity and irresolution that perplexed the King's affairs formerly, still operated, and after some hesitation, he forbade resistance. In this instance there was some excuse for his hesitation, for a pistol was held to his brest, and Bouilli was told, " If you take him, you shall take him dead."

I have seen a second review ; the Mamelukes, from their dress and complexion, appear the most terrific of all the troops ; it is a select regiment enlisted in Egypt, un-

connected with the French, and wholly dependant on the chief commander. Bonaparte reports that their bravery, impetuosity, and peculiar tactics, confound and disconcert the enemy. It is a specious reason for the heterogenous incorporation with the French soldiers: but the true motive is understood; Bonaparte has seen the French people's restlessness, and relies more on the blind attachment of men who know nothing of politics or of forsaking a benefactor, than on the uncertain troops of the country. He is conscious to what perils a man so suddenly elevated is exposed: his imagination, like Macbeth's fancy, sees daggers in the air; sometimes the mind, like a prophecy, is a faithful archetype of secret projects and meditated evil; and he does not disregard the probable admonition; without being pusillanimous he is too wise to be rash, and, without entertaining groundless fears,

he uses every precaution that prudence dictates.

This noisy bustling distracted City resembles what it has been for the last century ; the Revolution might occasion some little interruption ; but like an elastic energy, the people's temper has reverted to what it was ; cookery continues a principal science among these gormandizing people, and coffee houses and *traiteurs* are in such numbers that it appears as if there were no other occupation among them but pampering their vitiated appetites ; the servants, the master, the mistress ; all are cooks, and all are every morning studying and preparing dainty dishes for dinner. There are as many great spectacles, subordinate ones, illuminated gardens, ball-rooms, raree-shews, and other rendezvous of dissipation as ever corrupted Sybaris. Whatever sanctity may be in the churches, in almost every other part of the

City is obscenity, immorality, and profligacy; female dress has exhausted its variety, and now it is almost wholly discarded: the ladies are so slightly and transparently clad, that they are as little concealed as the women of ancient Lacedemon.

The Parisian ladies walk with a quick short step, graceful and alluring; but they seem always in haste; coaches drive furiously; cabriolets go at full trot; people gesticulate and speak vociferously; the streets are narrow, and the noise resounds all over them; there seems incessant confusion and riot. Those who would live without care, without reflexion, and without meddling with the government, and can devote themselves to incessant festivity, will prefer Paris to any other European city.— But if they like moderate amusements, rational enjoyments, and contemplation, they

will chuse London. The wines in France are more genuine and wholesome than in England, and provision at half the price. The interval of a ten years' war has not divested the French of old habits; they remember our countrymen's silly fondness for titles; and from Calais to Paris, "My Lord" echoes through every inn; and master, waiters, and maids expect liberal pay for the honors they confer. There are few highwaymen and bold robbers in France; but exorbitant *traiteurs*, pilfering *bourgeois*, and tricking tradesmen out of number; they have improved in cheating; and so assiduous as if they meant to recompence themselves for ten years inactivity and loss. Gaming houses defy the police; they pay a tax to government, and are tolerated.

Bonaparte shews his judgment in the rejection of the emigrants; he sees that,

though their re-admission into France is no restoration of their privileges, nor repossession of their estates, that they are still imperious and incorrigible; that indulgence cannot mollify them, nor generosity make them grateful; no class respects them: and though the utter deprivation of rank and riches should humble them, they are as offensive as in the days of Capet. They are unable to make any requital for our humanity to them in England; nor is any expected from them; but—they appear to have forgotten it.

LETTER XXI.

Paris, October 24, 1802.

I CANNOT constantly write on the lofty themes of Kings and Palaces; I must be permitted sometimes to descend to lower, though not humbler subjects. Beside Mr. Fox, Mr. Erskine, Mr. Curran, General Fitzpatrick, Mr. Adair, Lord Carhampton, &c. &c. who may be stiled the first party here, there is another, which in strictness of order, should be deemed an inferior party; but inferior is a term I dare not apply to it, without exasperating a society, prone enough to do mischief when there is no

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incitement; and where resentment would be unbounded and eternal, where any attempt is made to depreciate its dignity; the hostess of this community is a Miss H. M. Williams, who, by her long residence in France, seems to have renounced England; she is a little known in the literary world, but it is no where of such great estimation as in her own opinion; at this *coterie* presides a Mr. Stone; why the honor of presidency is conferred on him is not easy to surmise; for he is not famed for literary talents, or any talents that any one but Miss Williams could discover; Mr. Holcroft, who is here, is also a member, and most of the persons visit who have been conspicuous in England for their political opinions. This community considers itself above the Sorbonne, or Royal Society; they establish, from abstract reasoning, a thousand extraordinary axioms; they build hypothesis upon hypothesis, till they outreach human understanding; they lay down premises and deduce consequences,

which are neither in logic or common sense : and they are not mere speculators ; not always on metaphysics ; their chief sphere of study is the fate of Kings and Nations : they appear to be possessed of every State secret ; they have dived into the mysteries and intrigues of every government ; they can calculate to a second the political existence of every nation in Europe : where the funds will fail in one country, taxes overwhelm another, and general bankruptcy another. But whoever hears their gloomy presages, perceives that any state might avert its fate if it was prudent enough to chuse its first Minister from their Society.

Holcroft is as dogmatic, virulent, and splenetic as ever ; and as he is always conscious of being right, he admits of no contradiction ; he talks of Thomas Payne, Horne Tooke, and others, as secondary persons ; he was foremost in the rank of reformers ; and

without his activity and courage the cause must have been lost. No society at St. James's, no assembly at Frogmore, no Duchess's party, can be so supercilious, can affect such importance as the members of this hole do. Besides their skill in legislation, they criticise every literary production; but no one has abilities that they do not approve; no one genius whom they do not admire; their taste is the standard of perfection; their knowledge is universal; their decisions incontrovertible; the State that is not exactly established on their principles must dissolve; the writings that do not imitate their fantastic diction are balderdash. They are somewhat mortified that Bonaparte pays no homage to the Lyceum; that he makes no mention of this learned seminary in his orations; that it is not noticed in the process verbal. They have forgotten that the Revolution has subsided, and that Bonaparte has nothing further to expect from its revival;

he hates their perturbed spirit more than the republicans ever esteemed it. Thus a conspiracy of empirics, ycleped with some turgid title, and in the tyrannical spirit of modern democracy, erect their mountebank scaffold above all the regular constituted legitimate power and learning in the world.

How can Madame Bonaparte be ever reconciled to the freedom and equality of the inexorable Holcroft, and the rigidity of the chaste Miss Williams! How could the new maids of honor be occupied? Ambassadors must be overawed by gorgeous apartments, and ambassadresses by splendid habiliments and ladies in waiting; but however I may smile at the apparatus and pomp of Kings, the pageantry and gewgaws of royalty, I prefer their influence on the temper and manners of the people, and that civilization and polish which result from elegant life, and form a principal source of the

happiness of society: I prefer them when they are not immoderate, to that barbarism and rudeness which would revert with Holcroft's system, to that frigid and cheerless torpor that reduces life to inanity, and to that intolerable inequality which would level learning with ignorance and modesty with impudence. I dread all extremes, particularly such as would follow the innovations of visionary and frantic impostors.

LETTER XXII.

Paris, October 29, 1802.

PERHAPS as advantageous a peace, and with as much sincerity, might have been formed with the antecedent government of France as with the present; but we contemned and rejected its overtures, still fancying that one of the Bourbons would regain the throne, and we should treat with a legitimate monarch. Our arrogance and perversity have involved us in inextricable

absurdities; for a long while we spurned the proffers of Bonaparte, with invectives and epithets which it would be a libel to reiterate; but fixed and determined in his designs, he repeated his offers, and armed and equipped, and hovered over the coasts, that England might know, that though the olive branch was extended, the sword was not sheathed; and though the emissaries uttered no word but peace, the designation of his troops menaced destruction, if we continued obstinate. When our fury and folly had spent themselves, we hastened to make peace with every power that could give it; and as the Bourbon's cause seemed forlorn and irretrievable, we liked the semblance of royalty in the supreme magistracy and individuality and pageantry of the excogitated sovereign; a trinitarian consulate concentrated in a sole authority, one and indivisible.

We have always dreamed that we should coalesce more naturally with a monarchy, than with a republican state. From what have we inferred this notion? Does the experience afforded from the reign of Charlemagne, down to Lewis Capet, justify this opinion? The incessant contests with France shew how little they accorded; they never ended till the monarchy ended: the late King vented his last animosity in America; it conduced to the loss of our colonies; but by an unexpected circuit, returned to his own realms, and awakened a spirit that lost him his kingdom and his life.

We should assimilate better with a Republic; for whatever is the integral of our Constitution, the republican is the principal part, and the King is the executive power at its head. Bonaparte will try to sustain

his popularity, and reconcile the people by brilliant military feats ; by the nation's aggrandizement, or by adding new departments to the state ; and as England has the reputation of being the wealthiest country in Europe, it will always be the object of jealousy and pillage.

Lord Cornwallis may come to France, and Bonaparte may send to England ; a treaty of peace may be formed, and the people seem to approximate, but their minds do not assimilate ; a republican government is a radical structure ; its base is solid and broad, and requires no factitious aid ; there is no arrogated authority to support ; there is nothing to veil and conceal ; it exists by unanimous consent, and requires no artifice or delusion to maintain it. Here is the moral and political cement ; not courtly, unmean-

ing manifestoes, but a concurrence of wishes, and a cordial alliance.

We have all seen the levity and the inconstancy of the French; their inordinate propensity to change and novelty: in directing this passion to foreign matters, Bonaparte transfers their attention from his political being to extraneous objects; to exploits in the field; to commercial treaties; to colonial augmentations. When he negotiates with England, his language is serene and pacific; but whenever he addresses the army or senate, bombastic descriptions of France, are followed by malevolent insinuations against England; and all the evils of the Revolution are obliquely ascribed to our arts and perfidy. If the French were disposed to the fraternization they proffered, he checks it by insinuating inuendos, and by

a retrospection of pretended wrongs and ancient enmity.

The peace has always appeared to me like a covered snare; it has given the *Pacificator of Europe* time to breathe; to contemplate his subjects: to reconnoitre his dominions, and survey the powers about him; but while declarations of amity have been made us in England, the embers have been kept glowing in France: suspicions are still excited; dissensions still fomented; the hope of making England another department of France, is not sincerely relinquished; it seems reserved as France's best appendage; its richest ornament; it is to swell the catalogue of the provinces; and the title, like the *Regent Diamond*, is to adorn the turban of the Hero of Egypt.

We have never been famed for our prescience, and we cannot date the commence-

ment of our wisdom from this period ; we must wait the evidence of experience, to evince the folly of our pertinacious wars, and of an ill-timed peace.

LETTER XXIII.

Paris, November 8, 1802.

Soon after my arrival here, Thomas Payne quitted it ; the man who has shewn such public spirit, and without education manifested an accuteness and energy of mind, that excelled literary talents ; was at last persecuted by his country, abandoned by France, and neglected by America ; his pamphlet of Common Sense, in a strain of vigor peculiar to the author, decided American liberty.-----

Some States had wavered, they balanced between their allegiance and a love of freedom ; but after they read Common Sense, they joined, and were unanimous. His Rights of

Man agitated all Europe; the spirit it raised has not even yet subsided; the aphorisms strike like flashes of lightning: the diction is simple, sententious, and impressive: but the world is more pleased with precept than experiment; the outrages of the Revolution will deter experiment. To destroy a government before a better is instituted, is to create an interval for anarchy: the weapons to vanquish abuse and error should be reason and conviction. Where changes are effected by violence, they afford a precedent for the repetition; and there is seldom more stability after the change than before it. Payne fondly hoped, and not unreasonably, that changes might be effected by conviction, by unanimous agreement, without bloodshed or coercion: but as they exposed state impositions, and asserted the rights of nature, they excited irritation. If Socrates died for his opinions, Payne must not murmur to be a martyr to his Rights of Man; those who

have fostered on state bubbles, will never forgive the breath that bursts them. It will grieve you to hear that this man's intellect is impaired, that his great mind has dwindled. Either the encreased progress of a vicious habit, or chagrin at the frustration of his efforts, has so augmented his potions, that he is scarcely ever sober: he is senseless and idle, vain and loquacious; his face is scarlet, and full of irruptions. The man who did so much for the public, prates now of nothing but himself; he has preserved nothing of his great character but his integrity. Disappointed and mortified at the usurpation of Bonaparte, and the supineness of the fribble French, he sailed from Havre for his beloved America, where alone of all the globe, he thinks true liberty is enjoyed. As he is aged and intemperate, he will not enjoy long the liberty he seeks; but his Common Sense will immortalize him in America, and his Rights of Man all over the world: the strong diction

is peculiar to the blunt man who used it ; his calculations were accurate, and his political knowledge extensive and profound : other writers have charmed and deluded by their beauties ; Paine only aimed at truth, and excelled all his cotemporaries. I do not meddle with his private life ; let his wretched biographer dive into his domestic privacies, and expose them ; let him prove to the world that he was a stay-maker, or an excise-officer, or a scavenger, or that, like other men, he did a thousand little things in his dwelling which he did not wish to have known : the insignificancy or poverty of his origin is no disgrace : a luxuriant herb may vegetate from common soil. I only pursue his political career ; in that path he was consistent and honorable. He began with republican principles, and menaces and soothing could never make him deviate from his professions : he was always indigent ; fre-

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quently in a spunging-house; but neither purposed or adventitious persecution shook him: he might have opened his prison-doors with a breath; he might have sold his apostasy at any price; but, worried by prosecutions, the government and all its phalanx roused, could not daunt him. An ambiguous word or two of his Letters made me once construe them unworthily; I am ashamed of my error; and owe it to him, whenever he is mentioned, to avow my recantation.

Ashley, the former secretary of the Corresponding Society, is here. France has been more propitious to him than England; prosperity has a little elevated him; but his political principles seem as sound as ever.

Hodgson the hatter is at Paris: I remember some excellent remarks from this man at a numerous meeting at the Crown and

Anchor, which were followed by the comment and encomium of Horne Tooke: he is not so prosperous as Ashley, for he is less docile, and will not acquire riches but in his own manner: no condition can degrade so virtuous and enlightened a man. Here are many other sufferers at Paris, incorrigible republicans, who endured rigorous confinement in Newgate and Cold Bath Fields without any alteration of their opinions: the utmost experiment was made on them; but they were obstinate and immutable; their apostolic function has ceased; they speak no more to senseless citizens. They say rash opposition to a government strengthens its hands; that tyranny digs its own grave, and corrupt rulers bring on their own destruction.

We have been proverbial for our bull-baiting; but it is not peculiar to England;

we have exultingly compared the bold and daring character of the bull-dog to the people of England ; but that animal is as strong, ferocious, and courageous in France as in England. There is an Amphitheatre at Paris, with dogs chained all round it ; in this Amphitheatre a bull is every Sunday baited. The spectators are always numerous, and highly delighted with the sport. Spain continues its bull-fights, the most cruel and sanguinary combat of any practised ; and yet still we bear the pre-eminence in barbarity for our character in bull-baiting. As we arrogate superiority where we do not always merit it, our enemies give us preference where we do not covet it.

LETTER XXIV.

Paris, November 18, 1802.

CALAIS, as before, has become the Fleet Prison of England, and Boulogne its Newgate. People prefer living in poverty and liberty abroad, to plenty and imprisonment in England. While the practice of imprisoning for Debt continues, we shall see our artificers employed in foreign manufactories, and our dissipated gentlemen wasting their fortunes in happier regions. If property were taken to pay property, it would be equitable law; but we immure the person, not to requite the debt, for that is prevent-

ed, but to gratify revenge: there is not even the hackneyed plea of precedent and antiquity to sanction the unreasonable practice, for it is not in the Constitution, it is not in the ancient Common Law, it is not in Religion. Even the robber only returned four sheep for the one he had stolen; but we have corrected the scripture; for a debt of ten pounds there is imprisonment for life; and for theft (where the distress of the thief takes away moral turpitude,) it is death. Our legislators should remedy these crying evils; but we are not so susceptible of injuries to which we are not liable, as when they come home to our houses and persons. Let Members of Parliament be subject to arrests but a few days, and the grievance will then be understood and abolished.

Those who fly for fraud, for robbery, or for crimes of a still deeper die, are residing

at Boulogne. Among the refugees that throng these places, are sometimes persons driven by misfortune, imposed upon by fraud, ruined by speculation, by the fluctuation of the funds, by hurricanes and tempests, and often by a prodigal generosity, which every one praises while he participates of it, and blames when it is exhausted: these are doing penance for former imprudencies, gazing and sighing towards the opposite shore, which they are never to revisit. Among the pensive and repentant at Calais is a man whose fortune seemed above the sport of fate: £600,000, acquired either by crimes or good luck, was not enough for his avarice. If the plains of Indostan, whose stratum and substrata, to the earth's diameter, are fertilized with Indian blood, do not yield gems and gold dust, I cannot imagine by what means such immense fortunes are suddenly acquired. It is too remote for us

to understand the dreadful arcana of Asiatic earnings, the artificial famines, ravage of nabob palaces, extirpation of nations: the imperfect murmur has reached England, but great culprits are not often objects of punishment. Gold has a power of transmutation; and the iron hand of justice has in days of yore, been converted into a hand of clay, and lost its gripe. In ***** the vulgar adage was verified; in wanting to grasp at more, he has lost all he had; and now this mighty man, who would not recognize his indigent relations, for fear he should expose his origin, lives on a scanty stipend with wretched associates; his countenance is shrivelled and dejected; calamity has furrowed his cheeks like twenty additional years.

The constant arrivals at this bustling port shew him the melancholy effects of a reverse of fortune; it is no longer a familiar salu-

tation but anxiety to avoid him : here, deserted and solitary, he the whole day perambulates the town ; nor wife, nor friend, nor flatterer ; his sun is set, and the insects which engendered in its rays, dissipated and gone ; here he is alone, reflecting on the folly of pride, the vicissitudes of fortune, and the perfidy of friends. His visage is the picture of gloom and disappointment. The haughty man, who scarcely touched the brim of his hat to a poor man's obeisance, now doffs it to the ground to any one who notices him. He is brought to my remembrance by a decayed banker, who left his card with me to-day, and who, in some instances resembles poor *****.

There are some English landlords at Boulogne, and other towns, and our countrymen generally give their houses the preference ; they deserve it, for they are the cleanest and most commodious on the road, but they re-

member English prices and profusion, and charge without mercy. About these hotels are always a few lurking English, obsequious insinuating gentlemen, expert billiard players, and great adepts at hazard and piquet; the Lord defend the silly loiterers who stop to try their skill at any game, with these invincible adventurers!

You are often entertained by travellers with accounts of sumptuous balls and splendid hotels, of cathedrals, holy paintings, monasteries, and monuments; every book describes the same views, and repeats the same narratives; Why should I tread a path beat barren, and give you sworn letters without novelty: the incidents of a revolution (which, perhaps, is not yet ended) engross all my thoughts. I went this morning to view a house in which the celebrated Louvet lived; he is celebrated for having been a member of the original convention, for his pathetic

novels, and melodious eloquence, but above all, for being foremost in the arraignment of Robespierre; his rectitude alarmed the tyrant, and he sought to destroy him with the twenty two; Louvet saw his danger and concealed himself; and though his house was often beset, often surprised, and often searched, he never was discovered, and yet always at home; he owed his safety to a faithful wife, whose affection encreased with his danger; with her own delicate hands she contrived and framed him a closet within the wall, with a door so curious and compact, that, when it was shut, it was imperceptible: in this he was concealed some months; he came out only at meal hours. She recollected (for her solicitude was always on his preservation) that the people under them might notice the trampling of more than one person's feet; to prevent the sound, she made him shoes of goat's skin with the hair outward; and that he might not be detected by a sud-

den obtrusion, she formed a second door on the stair-case; both were constantly shut; and while she opened one, Louvet entered his undiscovered asylum. It seems incredible; but we do not know of what human power is capable, till hard necessity forces it into exertion. When Providence afflicts, it augments our strength; and when we are persecuted, our patience fortifies; the nerves and fibres are indurated by use, and the mind grows vigorous from exercise.

Louvet was one evening at Robespierre's lady's at supper, with many other of the revolutionists; they drank freely and talked freely of what had been done and what they designed to do: Robespierre's dark soul developed itself when wine had unguarded him; he disclosed some of his demoniac intentions: on the next day Danton asked him if he recollected all he had said before his mistress the over night; " I was

to blame," said Robespierre; "but she must be silenced; you, Danton, are minister of justice—(in the garb of law they veiled all their cruelties)—let her be instantly denounced, and let the guillotine suppress the secret." Unhappy woman! to be the partner of such a monster's bed: perhaps she neither understood or heard the dangerous secret; her feigned love for Robespierre (for a real affection was impossible) she fancied would keep her safe; but how blind are human creatures! often the means we use to our preservation tend to our destruction.

I have been to examine the secret iron chest in the hall, where the king was said to conceal his Austrian correspondence; he spent his leisure hours in forging, and made a dextrous key for his hidden chest; it was a chief article of arraignment. We have had king hunters, and the new forest was as

fatal to as many lives as it contained beasts for royal sport ; the great Alfred was a piper ; but he was great in every thing ; his recreations were no damage to his people ; he returned with redoubled vigor to his meditations, and the influence of his auspicious reign will be felt while any traces of the constitution remain ; we have had kings turners and tinkers ; the concerns of the nation have been abandoned for frivolous amusements ; Louis's passion for forging unluckily suggested the iron chest, and the papers concealed in it were the main evidence to affect his life.

LETTER XXV.

Paris, November 22, 1802.

BELLEVUE answers to its name ; it is a country residence between Paris and St. Cloud ; we have some spots in the environs of London as pretty as this is ; but it is famous for being the seat of Madame du Barré, mistress of Louis the fifteenth ; the King, the Dauphin, the Dauphiness, and all France, were subservient to this lady while she was in the flower of youth and beauty ; but the lives of concubines are from joys and incense, to thorns and briars, mirth and festivity in their prime, and anxiety and regret

with faded charms: it was evinced in Shère and Rosamond, and sung by ancient bards; and there is theme enough for the poet or historian in the life and sad catastrophe of Madame du Barré. After she had recovered some of her costly diamonds in England she was eager to return to her native country; unfortunate attachment! to a country where the inhabitants were so transformed; the gallants of her youth had become tigers in her age; but she could not resist the infatuation; though in her superstitious moments she consulted our Mrs. Williams whether she should return or not; the ill-fated Lamballe had done the same, and the prescient astrologers drew figures of coffins, hearses, and guillotines to deter their going: her prognostications are no evidences of sorcery; the diamonds of Barré, and the jointure of Lamballe would infallibly tempt Robespierre and Orleans, and there was no magical

knowledge necessary to divine what would happen: Barré was tried and condemned; her crime is not known, for the trials under Roberspierre were woeful farces, which no one dared report but as the tyrant dictated, and the truth was never known. Nurtured in constant luxury, she was enervated; the fortitude of a more virtuous woman might have failed on such a shocking occasion; she ascended the scaffold, timid and reluctant, and force became at length requisite to tie her to the plank. Some of her valuable diamonds still remain in England at a banker's, without a heir or relative to claim them.

Versailles must go to decay after the battering it sustained, and the present neglect; unless the Imperial Consul makes it the seat of the New Kings: and that there may be no murmurings at the innovations, he may revive the custom of the fasces and hatchet, as emblems of consular authority;

and to strike still greater terror, reverse the Roman ceremony, and elevate the hatchet to full view, instead of covering it before the sovereign people.

Near Versailles the Queen's carriage was one day assailed by a distracted importunate young man in great distress: he fell on his knees, and presented a petition: the guards pushed him off; he braved their musquets, and again approached: the Queen interposed, took his letter, and ordered him to the Palace, where she gave him twenty-five Louis'. Let the moralists who have followed the windings and mazes of our perverse minds, explain by what impulse it was that this young man was the first to strike the guard on that dreadful day when the mob assaulted Versailles to assassinate the Royal Family.

There is something extraordinary in an-

other event of this very Versailles. The Queen, in one of her excursions, saw five beautiful children with an old woman, who supported them because they had lost both parents; "I will adopt them," said the Queen; and placed them all in a pension. One of these children was afterwards on her Jury, and pronounced her sentence! If he was not the most rigidly upright of human beings, he was a devil incarnate.

The Queen had many errors; but it is ungenerous to ascribe more faults to her than she possessed. If she was a wanton, the depraved court of Lewis the Fifteenth was to blame for it: the profligate monarch was indifferent to the influence of example while he was indulging his voluptuous passions. One day, from frolic or vanity, the indiscreet Queen, while in the bath, sent for the most

eminent painter in Paris, and ordered him to draw her person. The virtuous old man receded, and would have declined the task ; but the Queen insisted on it. This occurrence has been exaggerated, and put into every shape that could make it hideous and detestable ; but there was certainly no other crime in it than that egregious vanity which the flatteries of all France conduced to encourage.

Her marriage-day was remarkable for the storm and floods of rain that inundated Paris : her sovereignty begun in torrents of rain, and ended in torrents of blood.

In this Palace the day Lewis permitted the double representation, the sagacious Count d'Artois removed the picture of Lewis the Fifteenth, and placed Charles the First in its

stead, that the King might see the consequences of concession: but when he retook the wild romantic Neckar to his finances, d'Artois considered the kingdom as inevitably lost; he removed the picture of Charles the First, and placed another Charles the First under the hatchet of the executioner.

The massy gold liveries of Bonaparte's servants bear no appearance of that republican simplicity which the government pledged itself always to maintain. It is a prodigious contrast to its commencement. In the days of Marat and Robespierre the reformer's dress was straight hair; unpowdered, pressed on the face or turned back on the forehead; the whole body so buried in pantaloons, that nothing was seen but head and arms; the sleeves were turned back, the collar of the shirt upon the shoulders, a sabre trailing on the ground, and pistols on each

side: it was a sudden leap from civilization to barbarism, not a gradual and natural progress from monarchy to democracy; not an easy and spontaneous change to conciliate innovation, but a violence and constraint to startle and affright. Bonaparte has made a retrograde leap, and the splendor of the Tuilleries is the symbol of returning sovereignty: on the base of the old throne another is rebuilt, and a king presides under new titles.

The cool steady Americans have been more fortunate,—and they deserve to be so; for when they possessed Liberty, they caressed her affectionately and chastly; the French were wanton, and prostituted her. Though the grandeur of a Court is a grievance to the people, it is a less evil than the outrages of the ferocious fiends of the reign of Robespierre and Marat, when the actor Collet de Herbois realized

the poet's fancy, and acted tragedies that would have been too hideous for theatric representation : at the unhappy city of Lyons, he chained thousands of its inhabitants together, and blew them to pieces with cannon ; and, that a single individual might not escape, called out afterwards, " Which of you still has life ? " and, with an iron bar, beat to death the deluded wretch who answered. The convulsion and carnage were every where ; France was bleeding in every part : at that self-same moment the car of Death was heard rumbling through the streets of Paris, with funereal hearses following to receive the dead bodies of the victims which preceded. On such a car the magnanimous Malesherbes, at eighty years old, bending with age, but not from fear, was dragged to death : he was serene and silent ; he looked round, and contemplated the mul-

titude: his venerable aspect reproached the senseless and ungenerous French, who could thus unmoved see the truest apostle of liberty fall a sacrifice to deceit and imposture.

LETTER XXVI.

Paris, November 30, 1802.

THE enthusiastic orators of the Convention misguided their auditors; their fervid imaginations transported them; they were themselves deluded, and they deluded their hearers. Reiterated plaudits from the mountain, and the whole assembly smitten with their eloquence, what wonder, if, in the effervescence of their innovating frenzy, they offered chimerical projects, and undertook impracticable enterprizes.

Walking round the Louvre, I was reflecting, that, after such terrible convulsions, the people were not happier than before, the buildings not improved or encreased, trade not more prosperous, taxes not diminished; the Revolution had only furnished pages of indelible stigma on the nation, and of uneasiness to the reader, I cast my eye towards that window of the Louvre that fronts the bridge on the Seine, and asked the man who accompanied me, if that was not the window from whence Charles the Ninth, with an arquebus, fired on his own subjects at the massacre of St. Bartholomew; he answered "Yes," hastily, and turned the subject: formerly it was pointed out to strangers to shew the effects of bigotry and the crimes of Kings. It is not of late exhibited with the same exultation: the enormities of the demagogues have exceeded those of the monarchy, and the murders of the second of

September have blotted out the remembrance of the massacre of St. Bartholomew. The veracity of the writer is suspected when he details the horrid acts of that day: at the Jacobin Club, and at some other infernal secret dens, the monsters associated and hatched their designs; they were accessible only to their satellites; they were hidden from every one but confederates; the Mar-seillois alone were admitted, and received commissions for death. Robespierre, Orleans, and Danton were chief directors; Danton's ferocious aspect was a sincere index of his mind; he formed cruel resolutions, and never swerved from them; implacable and prompt in the execution, as he was hasty in the determination. When Robespierre decided his destruction, and brought him to trial, he recollected the second of September; the blood he had shed gushed to his sight; and he knew remission was

impossible. A confidential friend can become a dangerous enemy ; and when he saw Roberspierre his accuser, he knew what could be alleged, and there was no hope of acquittal ; he braved a fate that was inevitable ; and, during the whole of the short process, he threw pieces of bread in the judge's face.

When I speak in praise of the twenty-two, it is not directed to their private lives ; public or private acts are only to be construed from appearance ; we have no unerring knowledge of motives. Who shall enter men's dwellings, penetrate their secret recesses, watch their conduct, and judge of their motives ? And when we have wasted our lives in observation, hypocrisy baffles our researches, and shews us the shallowness of our sagacity, and the fallibility of our judgment. Their respective private

pursuits might be different; I only assimilate them in the general principle that influenced their political conduct; if in their private lives they were anomalous, they agreed in politics; and it had been fortunate if they had been successful; there was no resemblance in temper, though there might be in opinion, between the Marquis of Sillery, the convivial associate in the revels of Orleans, and the austere saturnine Brissot. The rigid Brissot said in 1790 he admired the heavenly eloquence of Mirabeau; he admired his principles; but he was disgusted at the care with which his hair was dressed and powdered. Brissot forgot that Julius Cæsar, with a strength of mind and talents that astonished the Romans in an age when they abounded with heroes and orators, combed and curled his hair with his fingers. The Marquis de Sillery, though he professed democracy could not divest himself of for-

mer habits ; a little before his death he made the populace so courtly a bow from the scaffold as set them into a burst of laughter ; what horrible levity to indulge mirth at such an awful moment ; and what false philosophy and mistaken courage to divert the mind from devout contemplation, to the wretched vanity of imitating a Roman Gladiator, and expire in graceful attitude.

In prison, and sure of a violent death, (for Robespierre was his accuser) Brissot wrote his vindication with a calm undaunted mind and the sincerity of a dying man : he has explained his principles, and no one doubts them ; he has declared his abhorrence of these sanguinary menaces by which Robespierre pretended to establish his democracy ; he was a philosopher and lenient ; the contrast shewed the tyrant more hideous, and cost Brissot his life.

Santerre was of congenial sentiment with the twenty-two ; he succeeded La Fayette as commander of the national forces, and was more esteemed with his straight manly sense than the manœuvring La Fayette was with his affable tergiversation : the courtly, all pleasing La Fayette, who was general, musician, petit maître, monarchist, and democrat, alternately flattering and betraying the king and the cause of liberty.

We fancy that because the people are quiet they are satisfied ; they would be quiet under any ruler that could check the slaughter of civil feud ; they wanted respite ; but their restless spirit is again fomenting, and when it breaks forth it will be happy for France if it does not extend beyond one assassination.

You ask, If Bonaparte is not popular, why do they applaud him when he enters the

theatre? Do you ask this of the most capricious people existing? They applauded Marat, they applauded Robespierre, and they applauded Orleans; and should they pay no homage to the general of a large standing army? You go on asking Why did they make him First Consul? Ask the soldiers. Why constitute him Consul for life, and make him absolute? Ask the soldiers. Shallow politicians! to ask how a man, who boasts of assembling, when he pleases, the largest military power in Europe, should be endured? He will be endured while his soldiers are faithful. The French sought universal dominion; they overran Germany, Switzerland, Italy, and Asia; they did not dream that they were creating forces to subjugate themselves, and deprive them of the liberty that maddened them.

A person I conversed with yesterday fol-

lowed Orleans to the scaffold ; the prince of £300,000 a year income was reduced to a singular contest. What magic is there in a crown, that though it is so often set with thorns it should still be desired? He who could indulge every other wish, persisted to obtain the one he could not gratify : The executioner insisted on taking off his boots ; “ I won’t pull them off,” said the wretched man ; “ pull them off yourself from my dead body.”

The French are more eloquent than other people ; it is not mere flippancy ; they are not always profound, but always ingenious and fluent. I have been to the Tribunal to hear councillor Barere plead, that Barere, who was colleague with Robespierre, and had subtlety enough to worm himself out of so many perils, and outlive so many storms and tempests. He is so animated and persuasive that it is no wonder he guided the convention ; his versatile genius accorded with every humour ; like Proteus he assumed every shape, and like the camelion

assumed every colour; his tergiversation adapts him for the bar; he is in his proper element; it is the quality of a council; he veers with every cause, has no fixed principle, candour, or veracity.

The Palais Royale may vie with every place on earth for beauties; but unfortunately the most beautiful are the most frail; they parade day as well as night, displaying the most bewitching figures, and the handsomest formed limbs imaginable; they are always practising the step and dance; and, knowing the importance of a proper gait, they excel in it; their walk is irresistible; they remind us of the Mahometan Paradise and the promised Houris.

The Scotch College, which was supposed to contain such wonderful curiosities, is but a very small library; there are some original letters of the unhappy Mary Queen of Scots, whose woes and death are a foul indelible blot in the escutcheon of Queen Eliza-

beth, quartered and blazoned with so many honors, they were all sullied by her faithlessness and barbarity to Mary : it was not the only instance of tyranny in her reign, but it was paramount to all others in cruelty and injustice. There are letters, too, of the abdicated James ; but the bigot's letters are not worth reading, or his name to be recorded : but there are no manuscripts to furnish a History of England. Mr. Fox's research after written curiosities is a fiction, and the object of his long excursion still a mystery.

Bonaparte considers his glory incomplete while England is unsubdued : he has traversed many parts of the globe, and has triumphed, but he never could invade England, never could cope with her navy. Alexander cried when there was no other globe to conquer ; and Bonaparte sickens when he considers how England has resisted his power, and baffled his armies ; the proud islanders have been a check to his career, and diminished his laurels ; but what he is unable to

do by war, he effects by policy. France has no debt to burden it; her debt ceased with her monarchy; England is borne down by hers: France has no credit to sustain; England is supported by her credit: he knows that whenever he equips his force, or hoists a flag near the coasts, he shakes the Royal Exchange, the funds fluctuate and are depressed, the citizens tremble, confidence fails, and traffic stagnates. The riches of which England boasts are a nonentity; they are on the pages of the Bank books, but they have no reality: transfer succeeds transfer, and it is but a nominal movement: our riches are public faith, and we have torn the subject to pieces to preserve it; Bonaparte's arts will convulse it, and repeated shocks may bring on dissolution.

FINIS.

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